

THE ILLUSTRATED  
SPORTING & DRAMATIC  
NEWS

No. 272.—VOL. XI.

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1879.

[REGISTERED FOR  
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.  
By Post 6d.



MADAME MARY CUMMINGS.



## RAILWAYS.

## SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

## EASTER HOLIDAYS ARRANGEMENTS.

## ON SATURDAY, April 12:—

**EXCURSION TO ISLE OF WIGHT, Portsmouth**  
Town, Portsmouth Harbour (for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, and Ventnor), Southampton (for Cowes and Newport), Salisbury, &c., by SPECIAL TRAIN, leaving WATERLOO STATION at 1.15 p.m. (Kensington 12.48), calling at Vauxhall 1.19, and Clapham Junction 1.27 p.m., at the following fares:—

To all Stations (except Portsmouth Harbour) and Back.		
First Class.	Second Class.	Third Class.
11s. 0d.	7s. 6d.	5s. 0d.
To Portsmouth Harbour and Back.		
12s. 0d.	8s. 0d.	5s. 6d.

Returning on Tuesday, April 15.

## REDUCED FARES.

**CHEAP FIRST and SECOND CLASS RETURN**  
TICKETS will be issued by all Trains from London on Saturday, 12th, and Sunday, 13th April, to HAVANT, Portsmouth, Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, Southampton, Cowes, Newport, and other important stations available up to and including Wednesday, April 16.

## KEMPTON PARK RACES (SUNBURY).

**EASTER MEETING, on MONDAY, 14th, and TUESDAY, 15th April.** (Sunbury Station is only Five Minutes' Walk from the Course.)  
**FREQUENT SPECIAL TRAINS** will run from Waterloo, Vauxhall, Hammersmith, Kensington, and Clapham Junction Stations, to SUNBURY, returning from Sunbury after the Races.

**CHEAP TRAINS** will run from WATERLOO BRIDGE STATION, commencing at 8.0 a.m. until 10.0 a.m. inclusive; and **SPECIAL TRAINS** from 10.0 a.m. The last Special Train will leave Waterloo at 1.0 p.m.

**FARES** from Waterloo, Vauxhall, Hammersmith, Kensington, West Brompton, Chelsea, Battersea, and Clapham Junction, by Cheap Trains up to 10.0 a.m.

	1st Class.	2nd Class.	3rd Class.
Single Journey	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
.....	2 6	2 0	1 4
Return Tickets	3 0	2 6	2 3

The same Fares will be charged from Sunbury after 6.0 p.m.

**FARES by Special Trains from 10.0 a.m. to 1.0 p.m.:**

	1st Class.	2nd Class.
Single Journey	s. d.	s. d.
.....	3 0	2 4
Return Tickets	4 0	3 0

These Fares will also be charged from Sunbury after the Races up to 6.0 p.m. Passengers holding Cheap Return Tickets cannot return till after 6.0 p.m. Tickets may be procured at the West End Office, 30, Regent-street, Piccadilly-circus, Golden Cross, Charing-cross, Exeter-buildings, Arthur-street West, E.C.; and at the Waterloo-bridge, Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, and Kensington (Addison-road) Stations.

## GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—EASTER HOLIDAYS.—CHEAP EXCURSION TICKETS will be issued as under:—

To BROXBORNE and RYE HOUSE, by Special Train leaving Liverpool-street at 9.30 a.m. on Easter Monday, calling at Bishopsgate, Bethnal-green, Cambridge-heath, London-fields, Hackney-downs, Clapton, Coborn-road, and Stratford.

To WOODFORD, BUCKHURST-HILL, and LOUGHTON by all Trains from Liverpool-street, Bishopsgate, Bethnal-green, Coborn-road, Fenchurch-street, Stepney, Burdett-road, and Bow-road, on Easter Sunday and Monday; and to Chingford by all Trains from Liverpool-street, Bishopsgate, and Bethnal-green.

To WALTON-on-the-NAZE, DOVERCOURT, and HARWICH, on Easter Monday, by Special Train leaving Liverpool-street at 8.15 a.m., calling at Stratford.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—Frequent Trains will be run between Liverpool-street and Palace-gates for Wood-green and the Alexandra Palace on Easter Monday.

For full particulars see handbills.

London, April, 1879.

S. SWARBRICK, General Manager.

**EASTER HOLIDAYS.—SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY:—ALL EXPRESS and ORDINARY RETURN**  
TICKETS for distances from Ten to Fifty Miles, including those between London and Beckenham Junction, and the Cheap Return Tickets between London and Westenhanger, Hythe, Sandgate, Shorncliffe, Folkestone, and Dover, issued on 10th, 11th, and 12th April, will be available for the Return Journey by any Train of the same description and Class up to and including April 16th. Return Tickets for distances under Ten Miles, and those for distances over Fifty Miles, will be available for the usual time.

The Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets to the Sea-Side, issued on April 12th, will also be available to return up to and including April 16th.

This Extension of time does not apply to the London and Gravesend Cheap Tickets, nor to those between London and Shalford and Stations to Wellington College inclusive.

**GOOD FRIDAY & EASTER MONDAY.—Special**  
Cheap Excursion Trains from London to Dover, Folkestone, Shorncliffe, Hythe, Sandgate, Hastings, St. Leonards, Margate, Ramsgate, Canterbury, &c. Fare there and back, 5s. Third Class; Children under Twelve half fares. Also Cheap Return Tickets from Country Stations to the Sea-Side Stations. For Times of Departure see Bills.

**THURSDAY, APRIL 10th.—Special Fast Trains**  
will run to Sea-Side and other Stations.

**ON GOOD FRIDAY Trains** will run as on Sundays.

**GOOD FRIDAY & EASTER MONDAY.—Special**  
Cheap Trains for Blackheath, Greenwich, and Gravesend.

**EASTER MONDAY.—Various Special Alterations**  
and Arrangements; for particulars of which see Handbills, &c.

**EASTER HOLIDAYS.—Hastings, St. Leonards, and**  
Tunbridge Wells by South-Eastern Railway.

**FOLKESTONE, Dover, Hythe, and Sandgate by**  
South-Eastern Railway.

**RAMSGATE, Margate, Canterbury, Sevenoaks, and**  
Maidstone by South-Eastern Railway. See Time Tables and particulars of Special Arrangements for Easter Holidays.

**CHEAP TICKETS for Excursions to PARIS and**  
back, via Folkestone and Boulogne (the Cheapest, Shortest, and Quickest Short-Sea Route), or via Dover and Calais. Fares: Third Class, 31s. 6d.; Second Class, 47s.; available for 14 days, from Charing Cross and Cannon Street Stations daily.

**EXPRESS Tidal Services as usual.**

For further particulars see Time Books, &c.

JOHN SHAW, Manager and Secretary.

## NORTH LONDON RAILWAY

EASTER HOLIDAYS, APRIL, 1879.

Trains every fifteen minutes to and from CHALK FARM for Primrose Hill and the Zoological Gardens.

To and from HIGHBURY and ISLINGTON for the Agricultural Hall.

And to and from VICTORIA PARK and Hampstead Heath and Willesden Junction.

Every Half-hour to and from KEW BRIDGE for Kew Gardens.

Every Hour to and from RICHMOND, with a frequent train service to and from Teddington, for Bushey Park and Hampton Court.

Every Half-hour to and from KENSINGTON (Addison Road) and SOUTH KENSINGTON, with a frequent train service in connection with the CRYSTAL PALACE.

Frequent trains to Finsbury Park, ALEXANDRA PALACE STATION, Wood Green, Barnet, High Barnet, and Enfield.

By Order.

## LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

TAMWORTH RACES, EASTER MONDAY and TUESDAY.

On each of the above days **CHEAP RETURN TICKETS** will be issued to TAMWORTH as under:—By Trains leaving Rugby at 10.5 a.m., Leicester, 11.40 a.m., and Stafford, 11.15 a.m.

For Fares and full particulars see Bills.

Chief Train Manager's Office,

Euston Station, April, 1879.

G. FINDLAY.

## EASTER ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.—ALL EXPRESS AND ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS will be extended as usual.

**BRIGHTON.—EVERY SUNDAY AND ON GOOD**  
FRIDAY, a Cheap First Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

**SPECIAL EXCURSIONS** on Good Friday, Easter Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, from London Bridge, calling at New Cross; from Victoria and from Kensington, calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, Clapham Junction, Crystal Palace, Norwood Junction, and Croydon. Fare there and back, Third Class, 4s.

**HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, AND EAST-BOURNE.—CHEAP EXCURSIONS** on Good Friday, Easter Sunday, and Easter Monday, from London Bridge and Victoria.

**PORTSMOUTH AND ISLE OF WIGHT.—**  
CHEAP EXCURSIONS on Good Friday, Saturday, April 12th, Easter Sunday, and Easter Monday, from London Bridge and Victoria.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT DIRECT**  
TRAINS DAILY to the Crystal Palace from London Bridge, New Cross; also from Victoria, York-road, Kensington, West Brompton, and Chelsea.

For full particulars of Times, Fares, &c., see Handbills and Time Books, to be had at all Stations, and at 23, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, where Tickets may be obtained.

(By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

## MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, AND LINCOLN-SHIRE RAILWAY.

MANCHESTER SPRING RACES.

On **EASTER MONDAY** and **EASTER TUESDAY**, 14th and 15th April, Cheap Excursions to MANCHESTER (for ONE DAY) will run as under:—Rotherham (Central), dep., 7.25; Sheffield (Victoria Station), 7.55; Barnsley, 8.0; Wortley, 8.25; Penistone, 8.35 a.m. Returning from London-road Station, Manchester, each day at 7.40 p.m.

R. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager.

London-road Station, Manchester, March, 1879.

## GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—NEWMARKET RACES.—CRAVEN MEETING, 15th to 18th April, 1879.—FIRST, SECOND, and THIRD CLASS TRAINS will run as under:—

St. Pancras, dep.	Liverpool-street, dep.	Newmarket, due.
7.33 a.m.	6.0 a.m.	9.55 a.m.
9.25 a.m.	7.35 a.m.	11.22 a.m.
9.45 a.m.	9.25 a.m. (Special)	11.35 a.m.
10.15 a.m.	9.45 a.m. (Special) 1st Class only	11.45 a.m.
12.3 noon	10.25 a.m.	2.7 p.m.
2.35 p.m.	11.35 a.m. (Express)	4.52 p.m.
5.5 p.m.	2.32 p.m. (Express)	7.40 p.m.
	5.10 p.m. (Express)	

Returning from Newmarket to Liverpool-street and St. Pancras at 8.4 and 9.0 a.m., 12.30, 4.3, and 6.8 p.m.

On **MONDAY, 14th April**, a SPECIAL TRAIN will leave CAMBRIDGE for NEWMARKET on arrival of the 5.5 p.m. train from St. Pancras, and the 5.10 p.m. Train from Liverpool-street; and the 7.30 and 10.2 p.m. Trains from Liverpool-street will run through to Newmarket, conveying 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class Passengers.

A **FIRST-CLASS SPECIAL TRAIN** will leave ST. PANCRAS and LIVERPOOL-STREET on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th April, at 9.45 a.m., and return from Newmarket each day, one hour after the advertised time of the last race.

A **FIRST, SECOND, and THIRD CLASS SPECIAL TRAIN** will leave ST. PANCRAS and LIVERPOOL-STREET on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th April, at 9.25 a.m. for NEWMARKET, returning from Newmarket at 5.45 p.m. on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and at 4.30 p.m. on Friday.

On the above dates when a Special Train to Newmarket will be run from Liverpool-street and St. Pancras at 9.25 a.m., Newmarket Passengers will not be conveyed by 9.10 a.m. Train from Liverpool-street, and 9.15 a.m. Train from St. Pancras.

London, April, 1879.

S. SWARBRICK, General Manager.

## GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

NEWMARKET RACES.—CRAVEN MEETING.

**SPECIAL FAST TRAINS**, conveying 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class Passengers at Ordinary Fares, will run between CAMBRIDGE and LONDON as under:—

Tuesday, 15th April.		Friday, 18th April.	
London to Cambridge.		Cambridge to London.	
King's Cross dep.	9.0	Cambridge dep.	4.40
Finsbury Park " "	9.8	Finsbury Park arr.	5.55
Cambridge arr.	10.35	King's Cross " "	6.0

In connection with a Great Eastern Train from Cambridge at 10.50 a.m. for Newmarket.

In connection with 4.3 p.m. ordinary train from Newmarket to Cambridge.

Return tickets available for One Month. Ordinary trains leave Cambridge at 4.30 and 7.40 p.m. reaching King's Cross at 5.55 and 9.15 p.m. 1st, 2nd and 3rd class passengers will also be booked from Cambridge to London by the return trains.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.

London, King's Cross Station, April, 1879.

## MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, AND LINCOLN-SHIRE RAILWAY.

STEEPLECHASES AT BROCKLESBY.

On **WEDNESDAY, 16th April**, cheap tickets to BROCKLESBY will be issued as under:—Lincoln (Midland Station), dep., 10.5, Market Rasen, 10.40, Moortown, 10.57 a.m., returning from Brocklesby at 5.51 p.m. the same day.

R. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager.

London Road Station, Manchester, March, 1879.

## MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, AND LINCOLN-SHIRE RAILWAY.

BROCKLESBY STEEPLECHASES.

On **WEDNESDAY, 16th April**, **CHEAP EXCURSION TRAINS** will leave the undermentioned Stations for HABRO'. Cleethorpes, dep. 8.35, 10.45 a.m., 12.20 p.m.; Grimsby Docks, dep. 8.45, 10.55 a.m., 12.30, 1.15 p.m.; Grimsby Town, dep. 8.55, 11.0 a.m., 12.40, 1.30 p.m. Returning from HABRO' at 5.0, 6.56, 7.25, 8.5, or 9.5 p.m., the same day only.

R. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager.

London-road Station, Manchester, March, 1879.

## MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, AND LINCOLN-SHIRE RAILWAY.

STEEPLECHASES AT BROCKLESBY.

On **WEDNESDAY, 16th April**, Cheap Tickets to BROCKLESBY will be issued as under:—Doncaster, dep. 9.0; Thorne, 9.23; Althorpe, 9.45; Frodingham, 9.57 a.m. Returning from Brocklesby at 5.45 p.m. the same day only.

R. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager.

London-road Station, Manchester, March, 1879.

## BOMBAY.—ANCHOR LINE: DIRECT ROUTE TO INDIA.

**FORTNIGHTLY SAILINGS.** First Class Passenger Steamers fitted up expressly for the trade. Qualified Surgeons and Stewardses carried.

	From Glasgow.	From Liverpool.
INDIA	Saturday, April 26.	Saturday, May 3.
COLUMBIA	Saturday, May 17.	Saturday, May 24.
MACEDONIA	Saturday, June 7.	Saturday, June 14.

First Class, 50 Guineas. Sail punctually as advertised. Apply for berths or handbooks to Henderson Brothers, Union-street, Glasgow, and 17, Water-street, Liverpool; J. W. Jones, Chapel Walks, Manchester; Grindlay and Co., 55, Parliament-street, S.W.; or to Henderson Brothers, 19, Leadenhall-street, London, E.C.

**THE LATE MR. PHELPS, as "DR. CANTWELL,"** drawn from life by Matt. Stretch. A few proof copies on plate paper may be had, price One Shilling each, by post 1s. 1d. Apply to the Publisher, 248, Strand, London.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

**ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.**—Open on Easter Monday and four following days at Sixpence each.

**FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall-mall.**—The TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, the contributions of artists of the Continental Schools, is now OPEN. Admission 1s.

## EVANS'S, COVENT GARDEN.

OPEN AT EIGHT.

Glees, Choruses, Madrigals and Part Songs by EVANS'S CHOIR.

Conducted by Mr. F. JONGHMANS.

The body of the Hall is reserved exclusively for Gentlemen.

SUPPERS AFTER THE THEATRES.

Admission 2s.

Proprietor ... J. B. AMOR.

EASTER HOLIDAYS, 1879.

THE FOLLOWING ARRANGEMENTS

Have been made by the directors of the World-famed

## MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS

for the celebration of their

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL SERIES

OF EASTER-TIDE PERFORMANCES.

TO-MORROW, MONDAY, APRIL 14,

TWO SPECIAL REPRESENTATIONS

Of the New Entertainment will be given in the

ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL,

the first to take place in the

AFTERNOON at 3 o'clock,

the second in the

EVENING at 8.

FIVE THOUSAND SEATS.

On **EASTER TUESDAY, APRIL 15.**

The Performances will be resumed in Messrs. Moore and Burgess's own elegant Hall, where there will be an Extra Day Performance given in

THE AFTERNOON AT THREE,

and another in

THE EVENING AT EIGHT.

WEDNESDAY AT THREE AND EIGHT.

THURSDAY AND FRIDAY, EIGHT ONLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, THREE AND EIGHT.

## CRYSTAL PALACE.—Dr. CARVER, the GREAT

AMERICAN MARKSMAN and CHAMPION RIFLE SHOT of the WORLD, will give his Exhibition of Marvellous Rifle Shooting DAILY on and after **EASTER MONDAY**. For full descriptions of Dr. Carver's wonderful feats see the *Field* of March 29th, *Bell's Life* of March 30th, and *Sportsman* of March 26th:—"What will be thought of a man using a rifle as a shot gun, and consequently reducing his killing circle to the size of the bullet, who, without aligning the sights, but simply by marvellous obedience of hand to eye, hits a moving object 18 times out of twenty! In spite of wind and snow he broke 89 glass balls out of 100. He smashed 50 in 1 min 52 sec. . . . He hit 11 halfpennies out of 13. The public will have opportunities in the Crystal Palace grounds of judging of the merits of this most marvellous man."—*Field*, March 29th.

"Hitting a flying glass ball with a bullet is an immensely more difficult achievement than shattering it with a heavy charge of shot. . . . So surely as the coins soared aloft were they drilled through with bullets. . . . Assuredly such consummate skill was never before displayed in England, or perhaps anywhere else."—*Sportsman*, March 26th. "He went through a most extraordinary performance. It is 10 to 1 on his hitting with a rifle ball a small coin of the realm when thrown in the air. Rapid firing is his particular study. He maintained an almost continuous stream of fire. Numerous exhibitions of wonderful skill were given."—*Bell's Life*, March 30th.

## MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.

St. George's Hall, Langham-place.  
Twice Easter Monday and Tuesday, at 3 and 8, "GRIMSTONE GRANGE," a Tale of the Last Century. By Gilbert and Arthur A'Beckett. Concluding with OUR CALICO BALL, a new Musical Sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday at 8. Morning performances, Easter Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 3. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 6s.

## HAMILTON'S AMPHITHEATRE, HOLBORN.—

INCREASED ATTRACTIONS FOR THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.—Owing to important Engagements this successful season will shortly close. Extra day performances Easter Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, commencing at 3 o'clock. New sketches at each performance. Nightly at 8. Monday and Saturday at 3 and 8. ZULU WAR, Defence of Rorke's Drift, Battle of Isandula, Cetewayo, the Zulu King, military Kruel. Other events in rapid succession. HAMILTON'S ENTERTAINMENT and Colossal Scenery of Passing Events. The Afghan War, Storming and Capture of the fortress of Ali Musjid. O I C M Minstrels. War dance, by Zulu Warriors. Hair Brushing by Machinery. Prices from 6d. to 3s.

## ROYAL AQUARIUM, WESTMINSTER.

Open at Ten o'clock.  
EASTER MONDAY and DURING THE WEEK, 13 HOURS CONSTANT AMUSEMENT.

THE BEST SHILLINGSWORTH IN LONDON. GRAND and SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS.

The following artistes have already been engaged:—  
The Latelles, startling mid-air Bicyclists.  
The Renowned Lauri Ballet Troupe from Drury Lane.  
The Unrivalled Black Diamond Minstrels.  
Artois, the Grand Aerial Sensation.  
Ethardo's Magnificent Combination.  
Raynor Brothers, the Universal Favourites.  
Pongo's artistic personation of the Gorilla.  
Grand Assault of Arms, under the direction of Professor Abe Daltry.  
Recital on the Great Organ by Mr. W. H. Handley.  
Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert. Vocalists—Miss Emiline Petrelli and Mr. Gordon Gooch, and  
La! La! The Marvellous Phenomenon (all should see this wonderful Performance).  
BLONDIN returns April 21.

Admission One Shilling.  
AQUARIUM THEATRE.—On Saturday, April 12th, LAST MORNING PERFORMANCE of Goldsmith's comedy, SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER; and in consequence of its great success, on Easter Monday, April 14, and every evening, SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER will be played, preceded during the week by MAN IS NOT PERFECT; and on Saturday, April 19th, will be produced a new burlesque on THE LADY OF LYONS, in which Miss Lydia Thompson (specially engaged), Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. Herbert Campbell, and full company will appear.

## BRIGHTON GRAND AQUARIUM. Now

on View, a fine PORPOISE. The only living specimen in captivity. Sea Lions, with young one. Alligators and Crocodiles in their new cavern. Living Birds, and by far the largest collection of fishes in the world. New Terrace Garden and Promenade, the most elegant in the Kingdom. G. REEVES SMITH, General Manager.

## MR. STEDMAN'S MUSICAL AGENCY

(Established for the transaction of all Musical Business, Professional and General),  
12, BERNERS STREET, LONDON, W.



THEATRES.

**THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.**  
On Easter Monday, April 14th, will be produced a new and original comedy-drama, in five acts, written by W. G. Wills, Esq., author of "Olivia," "Jane Shore," &c., &c., entitled **ELLEN**; or, **LOVE'S CUNNING**. Stephen McCall, Mr. Howe; Walter North, Mr. W. Terrie; Thomas Pye, Mr. Charles Kelly; Abbe Plaque, Mr. G. W. Anson; Andrew, Mr. Norman Forbes; Major Dale, Mr. Weathersby, Mr. Stubbs. Miss Osborne, Mrs. Brock; Miss E. Harrison, Mrs. Freer; Miss J. Roselle. Box-office open 10 to 5. Doors open 7.30; commence at 8.

**LYCEUM THEATRE.**—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.  
**HAMLET**, to-day (Saturday), and till Wednesday, April 16, at 7.30. Hamlet, Mr. Irving; Ophelia, Miss Ellen Terry.  
On Thursday, April 17, at 8.15, the **LADY OF LYONS** will be produced, and will for a limited period be performed on five nights each week, **HAMLET** being played on each Wednesday. Claude Melnotte, Mr. Irving; Damas, Mr. Walter Lacy (specially engaged); Beaumont, Mr. Forrester; Madame Deschappelles, Mrs. Chippendale; Widow, Miss Pauncefort; and Pauline, Miss Ellen Terry.—Box-office open daily.

**GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND.**—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD. First nights of a new Burlesque, by Byron, called **PRETTY ESMERALDA** and **CAPTAIN PHOEBUS OF OURS**, whole Gaiety Company, at 9.15. Preceded at 6.45 by **Operetta**, and at 7.15 by **UNCLE**, Byron's successful comedy. Open 6.30. Close 11. Prices from 6d. No Fees. Afternoon performances every Saturday, 2 to 5.

**ADELPHI THEATRE.**—Sole Proprietor, Mr. B. WEBSTER. Sole Lessees and Managers, Messrs. A. and S. GATTI.—Every Evening at 8, **THE HUNCHBACK**. Miss Neilson, Miss Lydia Foote, Mr. Hermann Vezin, Messrs. C. Harcourt, Flockton, R. Pateman, E. J. George, F. Charles Bernard, and Mr. Henry Neville. Preceded by **A KISS IN THE DARK**, and **WHO SPEAKS FIRST**.—Doors open at 6.30, commence at 7. Box-office open 10 to 5. No booking fees.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**  
Manager, Mr. WALTER GOOCH.  
Grand Revival (92nd night) of Charles Reade's **IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND**. Every Evening at 7.45. Preceded by **FAMILY JARS**, at 7.

**THE WOMAN OF THE PEOPLE**  
On EASTER MONDAY at the ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.  
Doors open at 7.15.  
**THE WOMAN OF THE PEOPLE** at 7.45.

**ROYAL COURT THEATRE.**  
Mr. HARE, Lessee and Manager.  
Every Evening, at 7.45, **COUSIN DICK**. Mesdames Kate Pattison, C. Graham, M. Wenman. Punctually at 8.15, **THE LADIES' BATTLE**. Mrs. Kendal, Miss C. Graham, Mr. Kendal, Mr. Herbert, Mr. Chevalier, and Mr. Hare. Concluding with **UNCLE'S WILL**. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. Doors open at 7.15. Acting Manager—Mr. Huy.  
**SATURDAY**, April 19, morning performance of the **QUEEN'S SHILLING**, comedy in three acts, by G. W. Godfrey.

**VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.**—Last five nights of **OUR BOYS**. Every Evening at 7.30, **ONCE AGAIN**; at 8, the most successful comedy, **OUR BOYS**, written by H. J. Byron (1,857th and following nights). Concluding with **A HIGHLAND FLING**. Supported by Messrs. William Farren, Thomas Thorne, Garthorne, Bradbury, Austin, Hargreaves, and David James; Mesdames Blington, Bishop, Holme, Richards, Larkin, &c. Acting-Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

**CRITERION THEATRE.**  
Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHARLES WYNNDHAM.  
Every Evening at 9, the enormously successful new comedy, **TRUTH**, by Bronson Howard, in which Mr. Charles Wyndham will appear, supported by Messrs. H. Standing, Carton, and W. J. Hill; Mesdames L. Vinning, M. Rorke, A. Della, E. Vining, R. Egan, N. Phillips, and Mrs. Stephens. Preceded at 7.30 by **MEG'S DIVERSION**, by H. T. Craven. Supported by Messrs. Carton, Francis, Tritton, White, and Geo. Giddens; Mesdames Hewitt, Edgeworth, and M. Rorke. New scenery by Ryan. Musical Director, Mr. E. Solomon. Box-office open from 10 till 5. No booking fees. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30.—Acting Manager and Treasurer, Mr. H. J. Hitchins.

**OPERA COMIQUE.**  
**H.M.S. PINAFORE.**—Every evening, this successful nautical opera, by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, by the original artists; Messrs. G. Grossmith, R. Barrington, R. Temple, Clifton, and G. Power; Mesdames E. Howson, Everard, and Jessie Bond, at 8.30. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Cellier. Preceded, at 7.45, by **CUPS AND SAUCERS**, Mr. G. Grossmith, and followed by the new Vaudeville, **AFTER ALL**, by F. Desprez, music by A. Cellier. Morning performance every Saturday at 2.30.—R. D'Oyly Carte, Manager.

**DUKE'S THEATRE, HOLBORN.**  
Managers—HOLT and WILMOT.  
**NEW BABYLON**, by Paul Meritt. Everyone should see Tattersall's, Cremorne, Goodwood, and the Collision at Sea. Miss Caroline Hill and double Company. Magnificent scenery by Thomas Rogers. Three extra rows of Stalls have been added. Acting Manager, Mr. J. W. Currans.

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Next week's ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS will contain the following, among other high-class engravings:—Lady Celebrities of the Hunting Field, No. 6, the Hon. Mrs. Malone—The Last of the Season at Tattersall's, by J. Sturges—A Paper Chase in India, from a Correspondent's sketches—Cray-Fishing in Berkshire—Portrait of Mr. G. Fox—Scenes from Madame Favart, at the Strand Theatre—Spring Time Humours—Sketches by Our Captious Critic—Caught in the Jungle—Harriers, the property of Mr. Hicks, M.P.—Foxes in Trees—After a Storm—A Mountain Study.

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**THE ILLUSTRATED**  
**Sporting and Dramatic News.**

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1879.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

READERS will be amused at the letters on the subject of "Foxes in Trees," which appear in another column. My correspondent, "Ditto," is dreadfully sarcastic; but I think that the letter from so supreme an authority as the Duke of Beaufort will be sufficient to convince even "Ditto" and "Baron Munchausen." I have received several other letters on the question, most of them confirming the fact which needs no confirmation, and some "chaffing" me very severely indeed for my ignorance in being deceived by what seems to them so palpable a joke. Both "Ditto" and "Baron Munchausen" will, I presume, be ready to admit that the Duke of Beaufort knows the difference between a fox, a squirrel, and an optical delusion; and I presume that the controversy may now be looked upon as settled.

THE Northumberland and Berwickshire hounds lately finished a good run by killing their fox under a bed in a cottage at Milfield, after he had vainly endeavoured to escape to London disguised as a book-post parcel—at any rate he called at the post-office, and seemed very unwilling to leave. A somewhat similar incident happened near Chippenham, some years ago, to the Duke of Beaufort's hounds. In a cottage by the roadside a baby was asleep in its cradle, and to the surprise and alarm of the mother, who happened most fortunately to be in the room, the fox jumped right into the cradle. The mother immediately snatched her child from such dangerous proximity, and only just in time, for the hounds burst into the cottage, through door and window, a very short time after their fox had taken refuge, and it was absolutely killed in the cradle. Had the child's mother not been on the spot a disaster painful to contemplate might have taken place, though we will hope that if she had been called away she would have taken means to prevent the fox and its pursuers from getting into the *sanctum sanctorum* of her little castle so easily. With the best intentions in the world the most well-disposed hound might have mixed up the fox and the baby, to the detriment of the latter.

MADAME MARIE RÔZE is a very charming singer whose engagement for the ensuing season at Her Majesty's has been announced, and I am concerned, therefore, at reading a little anecdote of Mr. Strakosch, the famous *impresario*. Mr. Strakosch, with much joy, lately told a friend who called upon him that "it was all right; he had got her;" and on being pressed for more detailed information, explained that Madame Marie Rôze's engagement to him was the source of his gratification. It is to be feared that Mr. Strakosch is a very artful man, for, wanting to secure the accomplished singer just named—so the story goes—he instructed his brother to open negotiations with both Madame Rôze and Miss Minnie Hauck. "You know they love one another like sisters," he observed to his friend; "so I told my brother to represent to Miss Minnie that Madame Marie wanted to come, and to Madame Marie that Miss Minnie wanted to come with me." *Prime donne*, according to this authority, "have to be managed carefully," and I am not much surprised to hear it.

THE *University Magazine* gives a very interesting anecdote of Taglioni, the famous dancer, who, though her success began as long ago as 1822, is still, happily, amongst us. One of the greatest compliments she ever received came from a little boy. He said one day to his father, "How I should like to see Madame Taglioni! They say she flies, but that is absurd." "But she does fly," said his father. "No," answered the child, "it is impossible; only birds fly." "Well," said the father, "we will go and see." Accordingly they went to see this great dancer, and when they came away the child said, "Well, Madame Taglioni does fly a little!" and, indeed, she was so exceedingly light that she felt as if she could rest for a half second in the air. This was, the writer thinks, a marvellous half second, because her frame vibrated with delight at the

idea of "infringing the ordinary laws of matter," though why this should be so delightful I do not quite understand. It is very curious and suggestive that Madame Taglioni says she has often dreamed that she was flying. In the dream she would say to herself, "Oh, I see now how one flies; I will try it when I awake." According to the little boy, when she awoke she came very near it, and an enthusiastic Frenchman declared that as a Naiad she "glided over the floor like a drop of water on a branch of coral;" as Flora she was "lighter than the gauze moved by the wind;" while that ordinary birds came far short of her grace and ease of movement her admirers were prepared to maintain.

MR. SOTHERN'S presentation of *The Crushed Tragedian* was understood to be a caricature of a certain George, Count Johannes; and this personage has, in return, been attempting the part of Lord Dundreary at a New York Theatre. With what success he met, does not appear, but it is evident that the audience had a merry time of it. The Count had written up his own part, and we are told by the *New York Herald* that he discharged an assortment of wonderful puns that Mr. Sothern can never hope to equal unless he first takes a four years' course in a lunatic asylum. Occasionally he prefaced a pun with the announcement, "This is a good one," at which the audience, acknowledging its intellectual inferiority to the noble comedian, would respond piteously, "Make it light!" As each pun was propounded the unanimous reply of the house was "Give it up," and when the Count said of some one that he was a lunatic, a ribald youth exclaimed, "Why, then, he must be your long lost brother!" When Asa Trenchard expressed a desire to be kept out of the way of a jackass, he was besought to "stand clear from Georgie." "But even friendly admiration cannot stand everything," and when in the second act Georgiana surprised her noble lover in the act of flirting with Florence Trenchard, with the final result that the Count's arms and shoulders were freighted with the combined charms of both beautiful damsels, the regard of the audience changed to an envy that was almost demoniac in its expression." Altogether it seems that Mr. Sothern has not been eclipsed.

I COMMENTED some time ago on a discussion in an American paper as to whether trout take the fly with their mouths or their tails, and expressed a decided opinion that in this country, when they were hungry, they adopted the first-named plan. The original inquirer—who has meanwhile been to see *H.M.S. Pinafore*—has thrown the explanation he has received into lyrical form, and the summing-up appears in a paper called *Forest and Stream*:—

Editor: Trout never take a fly that way.  
Mr. Van S.: What, never!  
Mr. H.: No, never.  
"T. S. U.": What, never!  
"Joe": Hardly ever.  
Mr. P.: Hungry trout most often strike  
With the tail; that's what they like.  
"Oregon": Frequentlee  
I agree.

He, however, has reasons for his original view, and concludes with:—

Now, Mr. Editor, among all this conflict of opinion I am wholly unable to decide whether or not trout actually do strike the lure with their tails, but I am very clearly of the opinion that whether they do or not, they ought to; for—

*Salmo fontinalis* is a soaring soul,  
As free as the bird on high,  
His energetic tail should be ready to nail  
The ar-ti-fic-i-al fly.

His tail should flop and his body curve,  
And from this plan he should never swerve;  
His eye should flash and his fins protrude,  
And this should be his customary attitude.

[Strikes attitude accordingly in imitation of trout, and exits swimming, I suppose.]

ONE of the most interesting of all possible subjects is the transmission of hereditary traits. It is as a general rule, I believe, found that a horse transmits the peculiarity of its action. In American trotters this is notably the case, and a famous sire, named Blackwood, always gives to his sons and daughters, not only his speed, but the uneven gait for which he was remarkable. Calves generally take the colour of the bull, but colts are variable, as a chestnut horse is as likely as not to have bay or brown sons. For some reason, however, greys usually follow their sire. One of the strangest incidents with reference to this matter is connected with birds. It is said that when the telegraph wires were first put up, very large numbers of birds used to fly against them and kill themselves. Now such an occurrence is exceedingly rare, and the question arises how do the young birds come to be more wise or more careful than their predecessors were?

ACCORDING to Transatlantic journals, the editors of Edgar Allan Poe's works are going to make an alteration in his famous poem, "The Raven." Instead of the solemn burden,—

Quoth the raven, "Never more,"  
they will substitute

Quoth the raven, "Never—well, hardly ever—more."

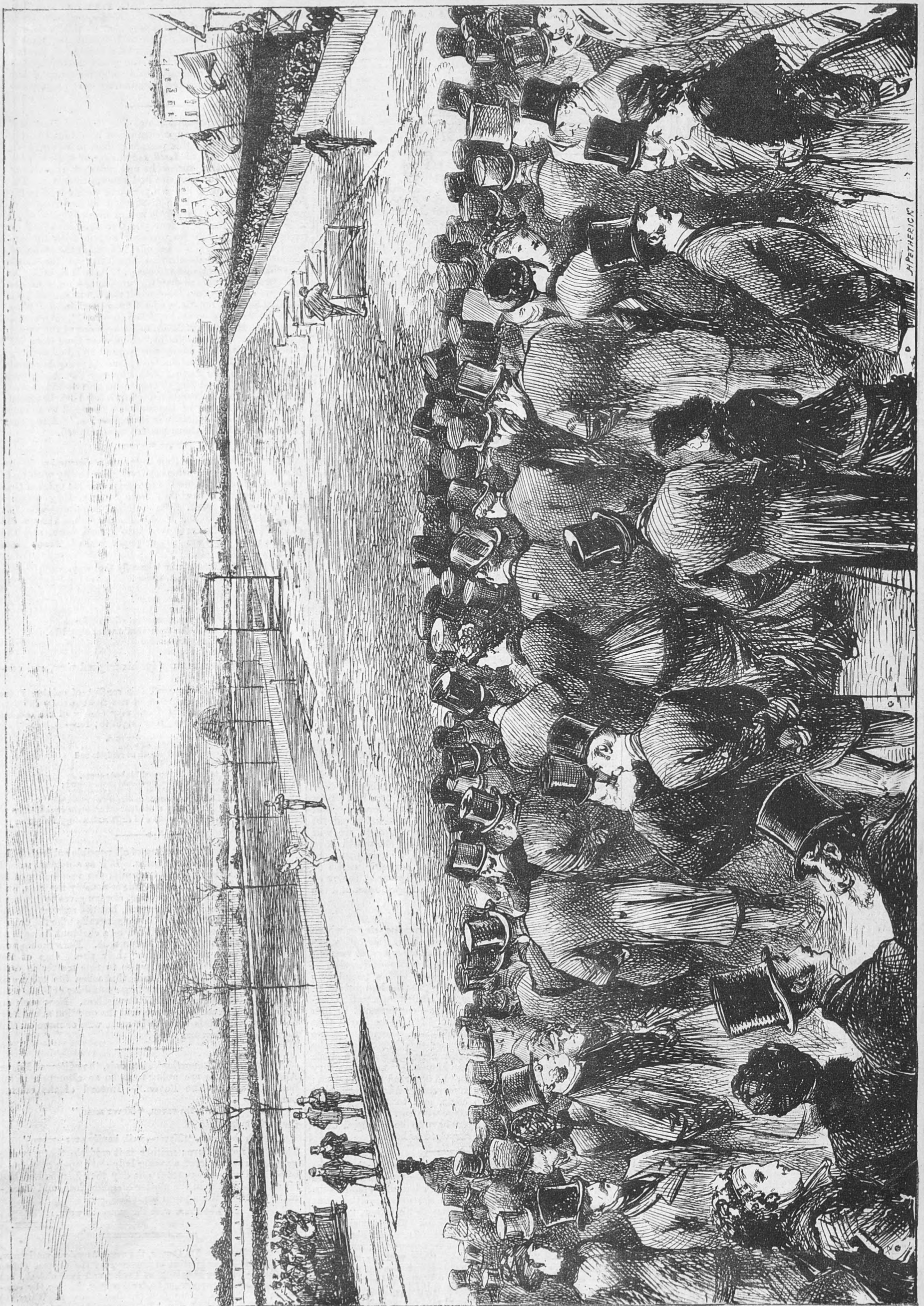
This I do not believe; neither is it credible that a young gentleman who adored a young lady—as young gentlemen sometimes will do—noticed one day that her dentist had been liberal to her in the matter of gold-plate, and immediately set to write a poem beginning,—

Rich and rare were the gums she wore.

RAPIER.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Dr. Carver, the great American marksman, will give his first exhibition of shooting at the Crystal Palace on Monday (Easter Monday), at twelve and two o'clock, but will be unable to appear on Easter Tuesday, having, by command, to perform before H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, at Sandringham, on that day. Dr. Carver will resume his performances at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday next, and daily afterwards till further notice.

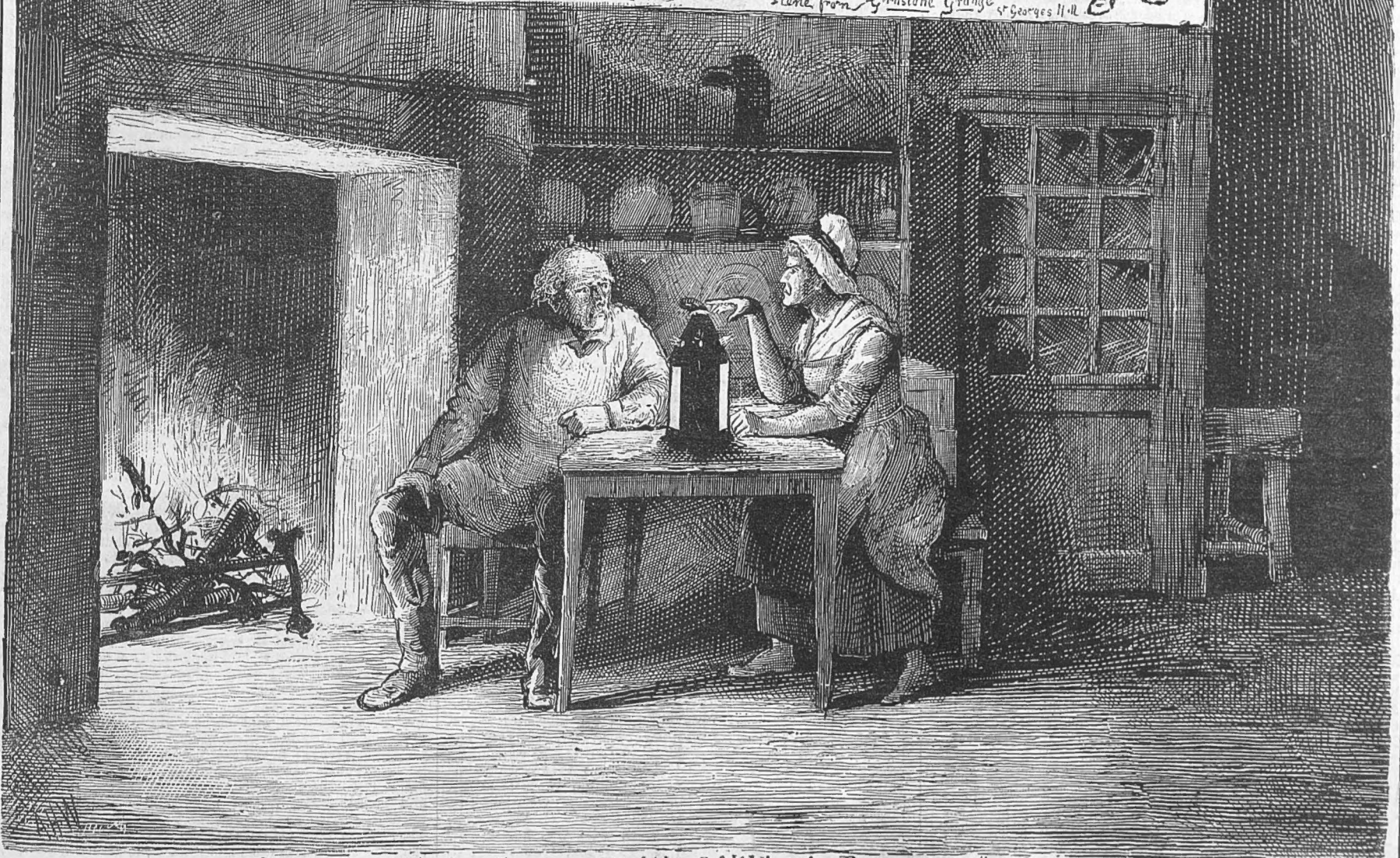




OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE ATHLETIC SPORTS AT LILLIE BRIDGE.—THE LONG JUMP.



# Pencilings from The Plays



Scene from the New Drama "FENAL LAW" at the Britannia Theatre



## MUSIC.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE opening night of the Royal Italian Opera season is always attractive to musicians and amateurs; but we have seldom seen, on the first night of a season, so large and brilliant an audience as that with which Covent Garden Theatre was thronged on Tuesday last. The opera was *Le Prophète*, not the best of Meyerbeer's works, but one which affords abundant opportunities for the display of those remarkable scenic resources which are the special glory of the Royal Italian Opera. That these were turned to good account may be readily believed, and the *mise en scène* was worthy of the occasion and of the locality. It is, however, on the musical resources of this establishment that success must chiefly depend, and some of the most important of these were submitted to criticism upon this occasion. Respecting the band, it may be said at once that it is more than efficient. The strings are led by Mr. Carrodus (1st violin), Mr. G. Betjeman (2nd violin), Mr. Alfred Burnett (viola), Mr. Edward Howell (violinello), and Mr. Reynolds (double bass). The large forces led by these eminent *chefs d'attaque* are composed of instrumentalists many of whom, like their leaders, are artists of European renown. Mr. Radcliff is again the first flute, and Mr. Castaignier first oboe. Strange to say, Mr. Egerton, one of our best clarionettists, who last year did excellent service after the lamented decease of Mr. Tyler, and who is likely to succeed Mr. Lazarus as first clarionet at the next series of Covent Garden concerts, under Mr. Arthur Sullivan's direction, no longer appears in the orchestra. If the foreign gentleman who has been engaged as first clarionet should prove to be a better player than Mr. Egerton (who is an entire stranger to us) we shall gladly recognise his superior merit—but we can hardly expect this to be the case. Mr. Stennebrugen resumes his part as first horn, for which no one can be better qualified, and the other orchestral departments are well officered. Owing to the lowered pitch adopted at Covent Garden, most of the brass instruments are provided by the management, and it is not until after two or three performances that the "brass winds" are perfectly in accord. This was observable on Tuesday last, although not to such an extent as to interfere with the success of the performance in any but the smallest degree. With this slight exception, the band was admirable, and it is noteworthy that the auxiliary stage brass band was on this occasion far superior to that of last season. Respecting the choristers it is too early in the season to offer a definitive opinion. They are numerous, and most of them have fine voices, heard to advantage in the National Anthem, which—according to loyal custom—preceded the opera. In the Coronation music a few of the sopranos sang out of tune, but this was the only instance in which a fault was exhibited. Upon the whole, it may safely be said that on Tuesday last it was fully demonstrated that the band and chorus engaged this season at the Royal Italian Opera are capable of doing complete justice to the instrumental and choral portions of the various works which may be selected for performance.

When *Le Prophète* was produced in London thirty years ago it had the advantage of a singularly attractive cast. The Jean was Signor Mario, then in his prime; the Fides was Madame Viardot-Garcia, one of the greatest among modern lyric tragedians; and Miss Catherine Hayes, a prima donna of the highest rank, took the "comprimaria" rôle of Bertha. In those days artists like Grisi and Lablache made no difficulty about taking secondary parts—being sure of their actual positions in art—and sopranos of the greatest eminence incurred no loss of dignity in taking "comprimaria" parts, although they would have been justified in refusing to play as "seconde donne."—A few years later, Tamberlik made so great a success, in the rôle of Jean, that *Le Prophète* had a new lease of popularity. When specially gifted artists can be found for the rôles of Jean and Fides this opera may attract; but apart from its pageantry, and the splendour of its instrumental music, it possesses less intrinsic merit than the better-known works of Meyerbeer. The dramatic situations are striking, but the music seldom touches the heart of the listener, and—apart from the action—would awaken little emotion. The pathos is artificial, made to order, and too "long drawn out;" and although, of course, no one would deny that the score contains some effective vocal melodies, the main object of the composer has evidently been to attract attention to scenes of pompous display, illustrated by grandiose music which, now and then, is noisy and vulgar. The work is worth hearing, and hearing again; but it does not furnish many additions to our treasures of haunting recollections.

*Le Prophète* was well executed on Tuesday last, Signor Gayarré, as Jean, appeared to greater advantage than on any previous occasion since he first visited this country. In cantabile singing his mezza-voce was charming; he almost entirely discarded the tremolo; and in both his singing and his acting there was a refinement and an intellectuality too rare upon the lyric stage. His improvement since last season is remarkable. The same may be said of Madame Salehi. Although suffering from illness, she sang admirably, and her impersonation of Fides was dignified, powerful, and pathetic, revealing histrionic powers of a high order. Madame Smeroschi, as Berta, was remarkably successful, considering how much of her rôle was cut out, in the necessary task of curtailing the opera. Her fine voice was in excellent order, and her intonation was faultless. Signor Carbone, as the Count D'Oberthal, made the most of an ungrateful part, and the three Anabaptists found highly efficient representatives in Signori Sabater, Scolaria, and Capponi. The performance was conducted, in his usual masterly style, by Signor Vianesi, who was warmly cheered when he took his place at the conductor's desk.

Marta was announced for Thursday last, for the *rentrées* of Mdlle. Zare Thalberg and Signor Graziani, and the *début* of a new tenor, Signor Novelli. As we are this week obliged to go to press a day earlier than usual, we must defer our notice of Marta until next week. In future we hope to be able to give notices of all important musical events up to the Friday morning in each week.

*La Favorita* is announced for this evening, for the *début* of Mdlle. Pasqua as Leonora, and we believe that *Robert le Diable* will be produced on Tuesday next. *Les Amants de Vérone* will be put in rehearsal next week, under the direction of Signor Bevignani, who has just returned to England, after fulfilling his duties as conductor of the Italian operas at St. Petersburg and Moscow.

Mr. H. B. Farnie's English version of Offenbach's operabouffe, *Madame Favart*, is announced for production this evening at the Strand Theatre.

Mr. Henry Hersee's English adaptation of Aimé Maillart's three-act comic opera, *Les Dragons de Villars*, under the English title of *The Dragoons*, will be produced on Monday next at the Folly Theatre, under the direction of Madame Selina Dolaro, with Mr. F. H. Celli, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Leslie, Miss Alma Stanley, and Madame Selina Dolaro in the chief characters.

*Don Giovanni* was performed on Saturday last at the Alexandra Palace, and in consequence of the illness of Madame Blanche

Cole, the part of Zerlina was taken at short notice by Miss Giulia Warwick, who obtained hearty applause.

The first of the Saturday Concerts of Popular Music, under the able direction of Mr. Stedman, took place on the 5th inst. at the Birkbeck Literary Institution, when the following artistes appeared with much success:—Mesdames José Sherrington, Emmeline Dickson, Ellen Marchant, and Annie Sinclair; Messrs. Stedman; L. Cadwaladr, Egbert Roberts, and Thurley Beale; pianoforte solo, Miss Lily Fane; flute solo, Mr. Benjamin Wells; accompanists, Mr. H. M. Higgs and Mr. Henry Parker. The second concert will be given on Saturday evening, April 12th.

## REVIEW OF NEW MUSIC.

DUFF & STEWART, 147, Oxford-street, W.—"The Neighbours," price 4s., song; words by J. Enderssohn; music by B. Tours. The contrast between the gloomy pride of Sir Rupert and the placid happiness of Giles Hawthorn, is pleasantly drawn in the two verses of this barytone song, but it must be observed that "hearth" and "mirth" do not rhyme. The music is bright and tuneful.—"Come back with the flowers," price 3s., by the same composer, is a melodious setting of some lines by R. Reece.—"Roaming by Avon," price 3s.; words by C. Searle; music by F. Campana. The words are of average quality; the melody, in 3-4 time, Key E flat, is simple, but pleasing.—"Sweet little maiden," price 3s.; words by E. Oxenford; music by M. Watson. This is a pretty song, with a strongly-marked melody attached to simple pastoral words.—"Water lilies," price 3s., by M. Watson, is described as a "Dream song for the pianoforte." It is graceful and melodious, and the principal theme is adorned with tasteful embroidery.—"The Golden Butterfly," price 3s., a "Phantasy for piano," by the same composer, is suitable for teaching purposes.

LAMBORN COCK, 63, New Bond-street, W.—"Dir Allein," price 4s., written by Herbert Gardner, composed by H.R.H. Prince Leopold. There is poetic feeling in these lines, but the first line of the following quatrain is objectionable.

I fain would speak, yet dare not, for  
Her gentle soul's distress;  
What is to me one sorrow more,  
So that she have one less!

The melody is sympathetic and effective, and the accompaniments are well written, especially the passages on a pedal C in the relative major of the initial key. The song will be available for tenors as well as for barytones, and possesses genuine intrinsic merit, apart from the extrinsic interest attaching to its authorship.—"The Chancel Roof," price 4s., words by J. Vogel, music by Mrs. Goodeve. It is a pleasure to meet with verses so truly poetical as these. They merit warm praise, and as Mrs. Goodeve's music is sympathetic and appropriate, the song deserves to become popular amongst refined amateurs.

## THE DRAMA.

During the past week, being Passion Week, the Lyceum, the Prince of Wales's, the Strand, and the Aquarium Theatres have been closed, while no novelty has been produced.

The Easter entertainments have already been announced in these columns, but may be briefly recapitulated:—

On Easter Eve Offenbach's new comic opera, *Madame Favart*, will be produced at the Strand with a company that includes Messrs. Ashley, Walter Fisher, Cox, and Marius, with Mdles. Weathersby and Violet Cameron.

Some matinees are shortly to be given at the Adelphi, commencing with *London Assurance*, on Saturday, April 19th. Mr. Neville and Miss Lydia Foote will appear.

This (Saturday) afternoon there will be a morning performance of "Lord Dundreary" at the Haymarket.

*The Queen's Shilling*, which has been successfully played by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in the provinces, will be given at a *matinée* at the Court Theatre, on Saturday 19th instead of this afternoon, as was originally announced.

On Monday, Mr. Wills's new play, *Helen*, will be produced at the Haymarket. The cast includes Miss Florence Terry, Mrs. John Wood, Mr. Charles Kelly, Mr. Anson, and Mr. Terriss. The scene is laid in England, and the play is a very romantic one.

*She Stoops to Conquer* has been so successful at the Aquarium that it will in future be played in the evening. A new burlesque on *The Lady of Lyons* will be produced on the 21st.

*Crutch and Toothpick*, a new comedy by Mr. Sims, will be produced at the Royalty on Easter Monday. It will be followed by *The Zoo*. The company now includes Miss Lottie Venne, who will be an acquisition.

*The Girls* will make their bow at the Vaudeville on the 19th. The theatre is being re-decorated, and a new act-drop has been painted, so that the young ladies will look quite smart.

The Vokes Family open at the Aquarium on Easter Monday in *The Rough Diamond* and *Fun in a Fog*, not a very novel entertainment.

It is said that Mrs. John Wood is engaged at the Prince of Wales's for the autumn season.

Mr. Hollingshead, with his usual promptitude, has organised a Gaiety Isandula Fund, and is going to get up a grand benefit for it. The Prince of Wales has promised his patronage, and the affair will no doubt be a great success.

*The Lady of Lyons* will be produced at the Lyceum on the 17th. The names of Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, Mrs. Chippendale, and Messrs. Walter Lacy and Henry Forrester are included in the cast.

Mr. Burnand's new farcical comedy from the French, entitled *Boulogne*, will probably be produced at the Gaiety Theatre on the 21st of April.

*Jane Shore*, with Miss Heath in the title rôle, is to be brought out at the Surrey at Easter.

Miss Louisa Moodie, who has been suffering from a severe attack of rheumatic influenza, is much better, and will shortly resume her professional labours. The stage can ill-afford to spare so able an actress.

CURIOUS views, says a provincial contemporary, on the subject of charity appear to prevail upon the Borough Bench at Derby. A young actor who, with his wife, had been left utterly destitute, owing to a defaulting manager, reluctantly applied to that august tribunal in the hope that some means might be found of forwarding them to Dublin, where they had an engagement for Easter. The chairman said he had just taken five shillings from the poor-box for a destitute person, and could do nothing for the applicant, who was a stranger! And the applicant left the court, saying he had "no means to procure lodgings for the night." The full significance of this piteous statement will be understood, when we bear in mind what such nights as we had last month must have been for houseless wanderers. A stranger! Can it be that the magistrates of Derby need to be reminded that no suffering human being is a stranger in the eyes of charity?

## THE AMATEURS.

Amateurs are requested to send early notice of any performance they desire announced or reviewed; in the latter case enclosing a programme and two tickets. Advertisements must be forwarded to the Publisher by first post on Thursday mornings to insure insertion in the current week's issue.

THE ROYAL NAVAL ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS gave an entertainment on board H.M.G.B. Rainbow, on the 3rd and 4th instant. There was a sad want of punctuality, for it was more than a quarter of an hour behind the time fixed when the programme was commenced with "Rule Britannia." The gallant Volunteer who sang the solo very nearly had his eye put out by one of the spring candles, which served as footlights, shooting up just as he was asserting that "Britons never should be slaves." Very merrily went the farce, *In Possession*, thanks, in a great measure, to the remarkably humorous impersonation of Simon Blobber by Gunner Holt. Gunner Stokes made a good Rattleton Rorke, and Gunner Fuller's make-up as Weazel was well managed. Gunner Williams was almost too noisy as Major Molpotherly; he, however, looked the part. Ld. Gr. (whatever these letters may mean) F. Jacks, of course, found a difficulty with his voice when representing Miss Platts, but he was very far from bad. The second farce, *Chiselling*, did not go nearly so well as the first; the prompter was heard a great deal too often, and a few more rehearsals would have done no harm. G. P. O. Jacks was easy and natural as Larkspur, and Gunner Holt again had the weight of the piece on his shoulders as Trotter; this time, however, he played with too much self-consciousness, and towards the end might have toned down his "business" with effect. I wish Sub-Lieutenant Bell's memory had been as good as his make-up; in that case there would have been no fault to find. Ld. Gr. F. Jacks wanted more life and animation as Mr. Piper, and Gunner O'Connor made a fair Katie. The performance should have ended here, but a scene called "Eight Bells on Board" followed, which fell very flat. Considering the space available, the stage was a big one and cleverly arranged. The band, in order to gain room, was out of sight and almost out of hearing, and the waits were far too long; but this fault was in a great measure hidden by the very courteous civility and kindness displayed to the visitors by the Volunteers.

LONDON HISTORIC CLUB.—Never has it been my ill-fortune to witness a worse performance than that given by the members of the above club at the Richmond Theatre on the 4th inst. To ask the public to witness it was neither more nor less than a deliberate insult. From first to last it was utterly bad. Not a single member of the company knew his part, few of them had the slightest knowledge of acting, the stage was continually kept waiting, and the prompter was not only audible, but at times visible. The band had a sorry and laborious task, and it seemed to be nearly all band and very little acting, for in every case the waits were far longer than the acts themselves. I will not attempt to take each character separately: that would be far beyond my powers; but speaking of the company, I would suggest that they rehearse very frequently and very carefully before again presuming to court criticism. From my programme I learnt that the play, *The Royalist*, was "a new and original drama, in four acts, written especially for the London Historic Club by the editor of the *Paris Herald*, and never before performed;" and I devoutly hope it never will be again, for greater baths could not have been written. Description of plot or incident is impossible, but one or two sentences still cling to my memory. The hero, when in some kind of prison, which he describes as *the Underground Tunnel* (I quite expected Metropolitan Railway to follow), sees something on the floor, and, starting, exclaims, "Ah! ah! What is this I see? The rotted garments of a fellow-man?" and shortly afterwards he makes the vague inquiry, "And then who shall close my *clammie* eyes?" The performance began with Offenbach's operetta, *A Mere Blind*, with songs and music omitted. The house was not a quarter filled, and I fear the Richmond Hospital, in aid of which this wretched performance was given, will be no gainer by it.

THE SCOTTISH SOCIAL SOCIETY, assisted by several members of the club of True Highlanders, gave a musical and dramatic entertainment at the Aquarium Theatre, on the 5th inst., in aid of the Royal Caledonian Asylum. The juvenile bands (pipers and military) of the institution commenced the programme with selections. Mr. Wilson, who possesses a remarkably fine alto voice, followed with, "O! sing to me the auld Scotch songs." Mr. Henderson proved his ability both as a reciter and vocalist by his delivery of "The Wedding of Shou Maclean," and the song "Annie Laurie." Messrs. J. Robertson and A. D. Londen performed a Highland fling and sword dance respectively, and Mr. MacLagan appeared in his celebrated Scotch character of Sandy Macdonald. A play with twenty-three parts, exclusive of "supers," is a somewhat gigantic and bold undertaking for amateurs, and, as it were, to add to the difficulties already existing, *Rob Roy* is a musical drama, and some of the concerted pieces are by no means of the easiest description; but the Scottish Social Society, having undertaken the task, carried it out successfully. I have only space to speak of the leading characters, and I regret to say that I have to begin by finding fault with Mr. Ballantine as Sir Frederick Vernon; not only was his make-up a signal failure, but his acting was as bad; stiff and awkward in the extreme, he spoke like a school-boy saying a lesson he was not very sure of. Mr. Barclay, too, failed to represent the traitor Rashleigh, and I doubt if he could have been heard anywhere beyond the stalls. Why Mr. Buchanan should have been chosen for the part of Francis Osbaldistone I cannot conceive, for he displayed no qualification for it; his musical abilities were very doubtful, and his duets with Diana, had it not been for that lady doubtlessly continuing, must have come to an untimely end. He spoilt his appearance by his refusal to part with his whiskers, and this fault also lies at the door of Sir Frederick Vernon and one or two of the other characters. As Mr. Owen Mr. E. Cosky was fair. Captain Thornton and Major Galbraith found representatives in Messrs. W. Bain and R. Scott. Mr. Montgomery played with vigour in the title-rôle, and remarkably well he looked in the Highland garb. The honours of the evening, however, rested with Mr. G. McCombie as Bailie Nicol Jarvie; his performance was a thoroughly good and consistent one; never once did he give way to exaggeration, and right well did he deserve the hearty applause so frequently bestowed. Mr. Middlemass scored an unqualified success in the small part of the uncanny Dougal; his conception and representation of the character are entitled to high praise, and his make-up was artistic and weird. Mr. Wilson and Master Farr rendered good musical service as Hamish and Robert, the sons of Rob Roy. Miss Hudspeth played prettily as Diana Vernon, and sang her music with taste and feeling; it was a great pity she was not better supported. Miss Edwin was Martha, and Miss Coskry as the Bailie's lassie, Mattie, made the most of her one scene. To Miss Fanny Huddart fell the part of Helen Macgregor, and very well she played it. The stage management under Mr. E. F. Edgar was good, and the fight in the last act effective. The lament for Rob Roy was beautifully sung. The



scenery in one or two instances was hardly appropriate, but this cannot be set down as a fault of the amateurs.

THE CANTAS AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB gave a performance on Saturday, the 5th inst., at the Royalty Theatre, in aid of the prize fund of the London Artillery Brigade. The band of the regiment occupied the orchestra, and appeared to forget entirely that they were not playing in the open air. In the overture they were slightly toned down, but in all the other pieces they were terribly noisy. *London Assurance* was the *pièce de résistance* and altogether was a decided success, no small share of which was due to Messrs. Septimus and Horace Neilson as Charles Courtley and Dazzle. They both acted with great spirit, and their appearance well fitted them for their parts. Mr. E. Macdonnell was a good Meddle, and would have been still better had he not been so inclined to exaggerate at times. Mr. J. T. Lowe's appearance would have qualified him better for the part of Isaacs than Sir Harcourt, but I have no fault to find with his acting. Mr. Rede Allen was too stiff as Max Harkaway. Mr. Edward Alwin was at home as Dolly Spanker, but the same cannot be said for his consort; Miss Emily Beauchamp, as Lady Gay, appeared far from at her ease in a riding-habit, and though she improved with her change of costume, she was still lacking in *go*. Miss Lilian Marchant evidently did her best as Grace Harkaway, but she was hard and unsympathetic. The minor parts were all efficiently filled. Preceding the comedy was the farce *Chiselling*, in which Mr. J. Hawthorn, as Trotter, kept his audience amused from first to last, though he might have been better supported.

ATHENÆUM, CAMDEN TOWN.—I have received a letter from Miss Rachel de Solla, informing me that though her name appeared on the programmes as taking the part of Kate in *Chiselling*, at the above institution on the 25th and 26th ult., yet the part was played by some other lady, the name of which lady I have not been able to ascertain.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

### MADAME MARY CUMMINGS.

AMONG our rising vocalists there are few who have exhibited greater promise of excellence than Madame Mary Cummings, whose portrait will be found on our front page. Madame Mary Cummings is a native of Derby, and has been carefully trained for the musical profession. During the long period of six years she was taught by Madame Sainton-Dolby, who has not only distinguished herself as one of the greatest among European contralto singers, but also as a composer of considerable merit, and as an admirable teacher of the art of vocalisation. It will be remembered that Madame Mary Cummings, last season, made a successful début at Her Majesty's Opera, as Urbano in *Les Huguenots*. The fine quality of her voice was no less remarkable than the purity of her phrasing, and the fluency of her execution, and she proved herself to be a worthy pupil of her accomplished teacher. She was at once engaged for the autumnal season at Her Majesty's Opera, during which, however, she had few chances of gaining additional distinction. She has sung with great success at the Crystal Palace Saturday concerts, the Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall, the London Ballad Concerts, etc., and has sung principal contralto parts in oratorios at important provincial towns, having also been engaged at the recent Brighton Festival, as principal contralto in the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini, and in Mr. Henry Gadsby's cantata, *The Lord of the Isles*. She has a contralto voice of pure sympathetic quality, abundant power, and great compass. Her intonation is unfailingly correct, and she sings in the purest Italian style. She has received tempting offers from Continental managers, but it is to be hoped that she will not be lost to the cause of English art. With her remarkable natural gifts, developed by skilful cultivation, she may look forward with well-founded anticipations to a brilliant career.

### WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA.

To awake in the morning with ice an inch thick on the window panes and snow many feet deep in the roadway, and, rising, find the water in the washstand ever solid, is not, according to our British notions, if we except skating, promising for a day's sport. But in Canada all sorts of sports are ready for selection on such a morning. Tobogganing, ice-boating, snow-shoe tramping, curling, rinking, and, of course, skating, are then in universal favour, and parties for one or the other are made up in every direction. Our sketches, for which we are indebted to Lieutenant J. C. Barker, R.E., A.D.C., chronicle some incidents of a day recently passed with the Halifax Snow-Shoe Club.

Tobogganing simply means a flying-like descent from the top of a very steep high hill over a surface of frozen snow while seated in a kind of sledge made of a thin slab of wood curled up in front and called a toboggan. In our artist's centre sketch the same sport is pursued with snow-shoes in place of toboggans. These shoes are not to be worn with impunity by unpractised followers of Canadian winter sports. It looks so easy to walk in them, and on a smooth, even surface they are not hard to manage. But wait until you get to a drift, and see what roars of laughter will proclaim your headlong plunges under the snow, and what a merciless outburst of chaff from the small street boys will encourage your awkward perseverance as you make your way to the meet of—let us say—the Halifax Snow-shoe Club.

### STUDY OF LIONS AT THE "ZOO."

That "King o' Cats," the lion, has two characters, and which it is that he most deserves puzzles the honest observer to decide. Is he grand in power, magnanimity, and generosity, fierce and full of courage, yet kindly and merciful, supreme lord of the vast untrodden wilds, and yet dignified and ennobled by power not abused? Or is he cowardly? vindictive? treacherous? the terror of the weak and defenceless, rather than of the strong and brave, with no innate elevation of feeling? sneaking into the jungle's most obscure depths in fear of man? delighting in ambush rather than open fighting when attacking, and easily cowed when in captivity? Buffon and Goldsmith give him the higher characteristics; more modern naturalists have degraded him with the lower, and the opinions of travellers appear to be pretty equally divided between the two. All we can do is to give our artist's faithful portraits, and leave our readers to glean therefrom reasons for the one opinion or the other.

### PENCILINGS FROM THE PLAYS.

Fitzball, the dramatist, of whom it used to be chaffingly told that he invented blue fire, said that, being neither a Sheridan Knowles nor a Sir Bulwer Lytton, something more than fine acting was essential to the success of his pieces, and that something was comprised in a little "blue fire" and the knowing when and where it should be used. Not that Mr. Fitzball or his chaffing critics meant by blue fire the abominable stinking, smoking composition, so called, which property-men burn at "the wings"—for that was in use ages before Mr. Fitzball was born—but those tricky devices for bringing down the act-drop

which are in degree akin to this mechanical means of producing effects which, if they are not artistic or particularly like anything in nature, are yet marvellously powerful in exciting "the gods" and delighting lovers of sensational drama. In the inventing of these no little ingenuity is expended, and I may fairly compliment each of the authors of the two new pieces from which I have this week made pencilings upon their great success in this direction. *Penal Law*, at the Britannia Theatre, works up to the end of each act with an exciting climax of this description most cleverly; and in *The Last Stroke of Midnight*, at the Grecian Theatre, the "situations" are, from this point of view, exceedingly powerful, particularly that in which the imprisoned lover contrives that his enemy shall receive the shot intended for himself. There is, however, one slight objection, and to make this clear I must describe the incident.

The lover, condemned to die by hanging, is visited in his cell by an old comrade, to whom he appeals for preservation from such a disgraceful end. "Let me die like a soldier," says he, "by the shot of a friend's rifle, not on the scaffold by the hand of the common hangman." His sympathising comrade promises, but most reluctantly, to shoot him, and it is arranged that if no rescue comes before the last stroke of midnight, he will place himself with the lamp in his hand before the window of his dungeon to enable his comrade to fulfil the awful promise. In the meantime the lady of his love contrives to convey a rope and file to him, and expeditiously cutting through one of the iron bars, he is on the eve of escaping when his rival and enemy who has been instrumental in condemning him to death, suddenly enters and discovers the means the lady has prepared for his rescue. He is about to carry off rope and file when the prisoner tells him that he has already cut through the iron window-bar and that he—his rival—has not been clever enough to discover it. Of course the rival proceeds to examine the bar, and raising the lamp above to do so as the clock strikes twelve, receives the shot intended for the prisoner. It struck me that this was brought about a little clumsily, and that the effect would have been heightened if he had instructed the lady to re-secure the confidence of her unscrupulous captor by pretending to betray the prisoner's confidence—at his suggestion—and so inducing the former to examine the window. This, however, may be a matter of opinion.

I need say nothing about *Grimstone Grange*, the plot of this attractive musical and dramatic little piece having been already dealt with in these columns by yours obediently,

PENANDPENCILHOLDER.

### THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE.

The morning of the race showed a gray and cloudy sky, with the surface of the river agitated by gusts of wind. The river banks commanding views of the course, were, as usual, densely crowded, and everywhere the impression was in favour of a victory to the Light Blue, the accepted odds being 11 to 2 in their favour. From the start there was no doubt as to the result, and it was not long before the gloom of a settled despair found expression on the faces of the Oxford crew, who, to quote a contemporary, "essay, with pain and grief to themselves, the heart-breaking task of a stern chase, rowing, as it were, in the dark, with the knowledge that nothing but a miracle could save the defeat, was a sight that was worth seeing, even to those who had laid the odds with unfailing confidence." Our artist's very spirited and clever drawing was made from the boats when the Cambridge crew were fast adding to their lead, and nearing the bridge at Hammersmith, under which they passed three lengths ahead of the Dark Blues.

### "BLOOD WILL TELL."

The adage upon which Mr. Sturgess has founded his sketch this week, true as it is in all circumstances, receives special and unmistakable confirmation whenever hounds have been running hard for some five-and-twenty minutes, and the field is tolerably well up. The crock looks an excellent animal as it stands by the covert side; often, indeed, in the eyes of that large section of the community who know just a little about horseflesh he seems a better-looking mount than many of his companions, in whose veins run the blood of famous sires. He is eager and excitable at the covert-side, and when the welcome scream announces that the fox has gone away, he sets off in desperate haste, pulling hard. But if he is anxious to start, after a fast quarter of an hour or so, he is at least equally anxious to stop. "He's a good-looking one, but how's he bred?" is a question which the shrewd man asks when he thinks of buying a horse of whose performances he knows nothing, and, it may be parenthetically added, he asks it of a man who, he has good reason to suppose, is likely to tell the truth. In the sketch, blood has begun to tell unmistakably. The ups and downs of the ridge and furrow make the last straw which breaks the cocktail's back. With panting nostrils, heaving sides, and a distressed look in his eyes he reduces his pace to a jog-trot. Before he has gone far he will probably stumble, and if his rider catches him up and induces him to face another fence, there is every prospect of his landing on his head the other side of it. All this time his well-bred companion, with arched neck and easy gallop, strides over the field, affording one more illustration of the truth that "Blood will tell."

RAPIER.

### REYNARD THE HUNTER.

The fox is here depicted upon a little private business of his own, having reference to—as he hopes—a succulent supper of rabbit *au naturel*. The perils of the day are passed. Possibly he has been up a tree while the hounds have drawn the covert far down beneath his feet; perhaps he has had a little run for it, but knowing of a friend who supped too plentifully last night and is not in good going order, has led the chase past the friend's quarters, slipped off himself, and induced the hounds to change. Perhaps as he was trying to make up his mind what to do as the hounds dashed about the covert, a "view halloo" has proclaimed the departure of a relative, and he has laughed in the place where his sleeve would be if he had one, and comfortably rolled himself up again; or it may be that there is no hunting to-day, except such as that in which he plays the principal part. He has at any rate decided that, if possible, there shall be rabbit for supper, and creeping along by the side of the fence which separates the covert from the meadow, he feasts his eyes, as a pleasant preliminary to feasting a more insatiable portion of his anatomy. But sharp as he is, all his work is cut out for him. How often have many of us stolen cautiously along a fence towards such a spot as this, gun in hand, in the hope of getting a crack at the rabbits out for their evening feed? The little creatures do not seem unapproachable until you take your gun with you—often you have seen a dozen of them out within shot. Suddenly, although you could swear that you have been as still as a mouse, in they all scuttle with one accord. The little fellow on the bank to the left is taking a header into his hole, and bunny sitting in the middle of the sketch will be in his house—but emphatically "not at home" as regards the reception of visitors—in just three jumps. Reynard the Hunter may cut off his retreat, but while he is

sitting up with ears cocked I think the betting is on bunny. Very likely, after all this anticipation and licking of hungry lips, the fox will have to make the best of a slender meal of field mice, or be forced to venture, like one of his famous ancestors, on the dangerous expedient of jumping over the parson's gate.

RAPIER.

### OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE ATHLETIC SPORTS.

The Oxford and Cambridge athletic sports took place on the afternoon of Friday week at Lillie-bridge Grounds; the attendance, however, notwithstanding the fine weather, was scarcely equal to former years, there being a marked falling off in the number of ladies present. Mr. C. N. Jackson, of Hertford, acted as starter; R. H. Benson, of Balliol, and W. Cunliffe, of Trinity College, Cambridge, as judges; and Mr. R. Philpot, of Trinity College, Cambridge, as referee. The sports started punctually at 2.30 with the Hundred Yards Race, Messrs. M. R. Portal, Balliol, and E. C. Treplin, B.N.C., representing Oxford, and Messrs. G. B. Hoffmeister, Caius, and E. Storey, Trinity, Cambridge. Treplin went off with a good start, getting off with about three yards the best of it, and won by half a yard, Portal, his partner, being second; time, 10.1-5sec, Oxford thus winning the first event. The other sports followed in quick succession, the Long Jump, represented in our artist's drawing, being, as usual, a very tedious affair; eventually E. Badderley, of Jesus, won on behalf of Cambridge the odd event as well as the jump by two inches, clearing 20ft 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in, C. M. Kemp, of Oriel, Oxford, clearing 20ft 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in; W. G. Elliot, Trinity, was the second Cambridge man; and J. A. W. Fellowes, Exeter, the second Oxford representative. The last event was the Three Miles, and resulted in the expected victory of A. F. Hills, University College, who represented Oxford, in addition to W. D. Hamilton, of Queen's, and T. R. Benson, of New College; the Cambridge men being W. J. L. Evans, Trinity College, L. R. Jones, Jesus, and H. E. Simonds, Trinity Hall. Jones led, followed by Hamilton, the order at the end of the first mile being—Jones, 1; Hamilton, 2; Hills, 3; Evans, 4. At the end of the two miles, Hills, who had taken the lead, led by 50 yards, Evans being second, and Benson third, and the men finished in this order, Hills winning easily by a couple of hundred yards, being quite strong at the finish, Evans and Benson making a good race for second. The time for the first mile was 4min 55 3-5sec; second mile, 10min. 10sec; and for the whole distance, 15min. 14 3-5sec. Bob Rogers acted as official timekeeper throughout the day.

## RACQUETS.

### OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE.

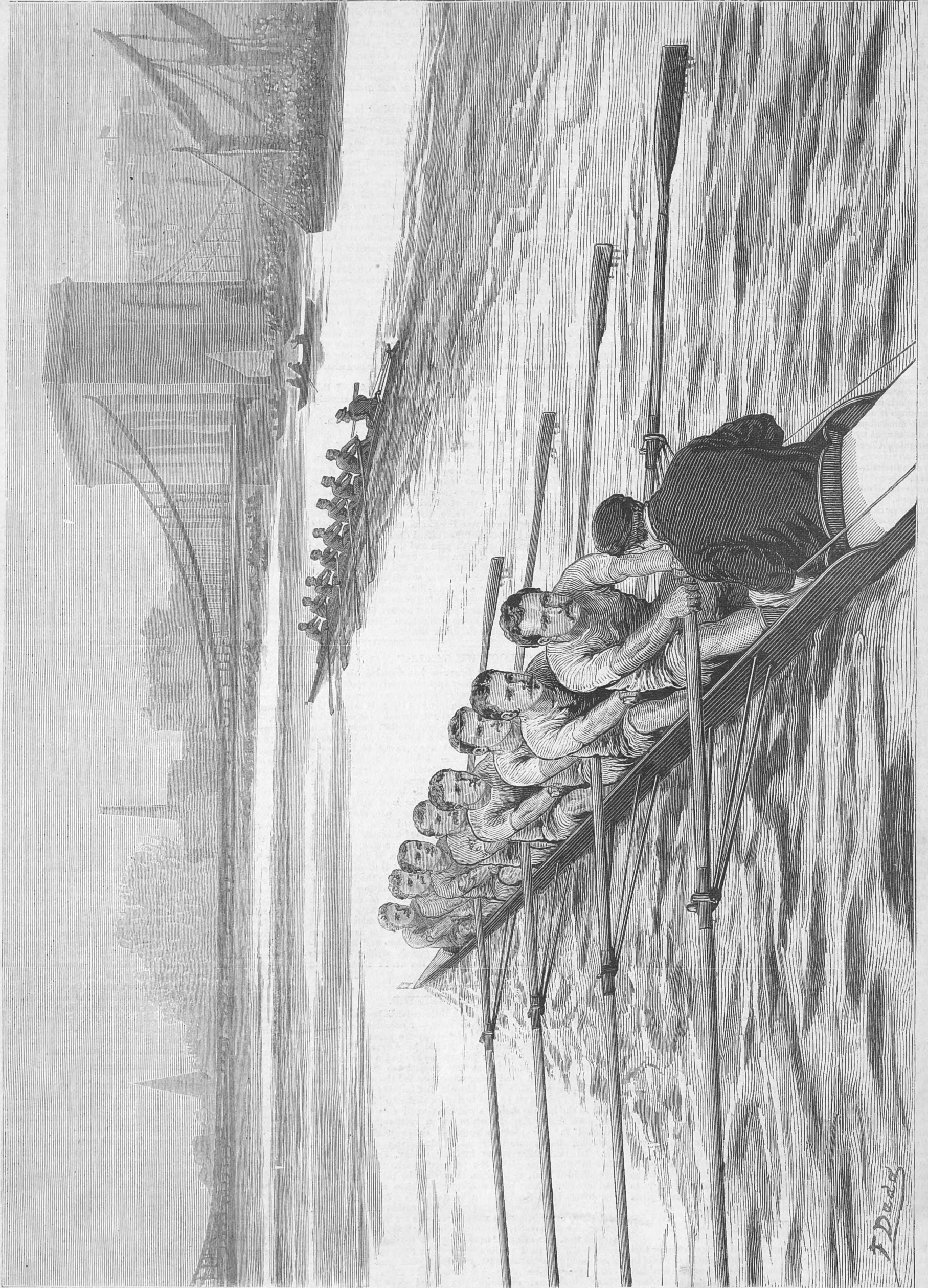
On Tuesday afternoon the first of the two racquet matches annually played between the Universities was decided at Prince's Club, Hans-place, Sloane-street, Chelsea. As usual there was a large number of enthusiasts in the gallery of the court. Cambridge was represented by Mr. E. O. P. Bouverie (Trinity) and the Hon. Ivo Bligh (Trinity), while Messrs. S. C. Snow (Hertford) and A. L. Ellis (New) played on behalf of Oxford. The Light Blues were thought to be the better pair, and so they proved. Bouverie's back play and services were at times exceedingly good, while Bligh's services were very smart. For Oxford, Snow performed well, his services and some of his volleys being effected in good style. Ellis's back-hand play, however, left room for considerable improvement. All through, the light was good. Proceedings commenced soon after two, Bouverie and Snow occupying the left-hand court, and Bligh and Ellis the right. Snow led off with a couple of aces, but the Cantabs speedily brought the scores level. The game continued to be evenly contested until the marker announced "6 all," when the Cantabs ran up four aces in quick order. Owing principally to the exertions of Snow, this advantage was not long maintained, and once more matters were level at "10 all." From this point, however, the Cambridge pair had much the best of the game, and ultimately won at 15 to 10. The second game proved very one-sided. Bouverie opened with two aces, and seven others were quickly added to the Cambridge total. Bligh then got in, and running up six aces in succession, won the game at 15 to love. In the third game 10 aces were placed to the credit of Cambridge before Oxford scored. Snow then secured a point, but Bligh quickly made the game 12—1. Two aces each by Ellis and Snow took the Oxford total to 5, but as no advancement took place Cambridge ran out winners at 15 to 5. The first three games having fallen to Cambridge rather easily, there seemed every likelihood of their winning a "love rubber;" but in the fourth game the Dark Blues showed great improvement. Cambridge commenced well, and reached 7 to 2; but three aces from Snow and two from his partner caused the game to be called "7 all." Continuing to play well, the Oxonians secured their first and only victory by 15 to 7. In the last game Bligh obtained the first point, but the next five aces were secured by Oxford, who looked like making a good bid. The Cantabs were quickly busy, however, and after causing the game to be "5 all," ran up five aces while their adversaries failed to score. Oxford improved their position with four aces, but were eventually defeated at 15 to 9. As the match is decided by the best of seven games, Cambridge, having won four to one, were hailed the victors, the respective scores amounting to 67 and 39. The umpires were Mr. C. F. Buller, for Oxford, and Colonel Kinnaird, for Cambridge, while Mr. R. Entwistle officiated as referee. Mr. Stevens (*Judy*) marked the games. Up to the present time Oxford have won 13 and Cambridge 10 of the double-handed matches yet decided.

A GRAND instrumental and vocal evening concert will be given, under distinguished patronage, at the St. James's Hall, on Monday, the 21st inst., for the relief of the widows, orphans, and dependent relatives of those gallant soldiers who fell in their country's cause at Isandula and Rorke's Drift.

THE Great Western Railway Company announce that special ticket offices have been opened at 351, Oxford-street; 483, New Oxford-street; 38, Charing-cross; 5, Arthur-street East, London Bridge; 82, Queen Victoria-street; 43 and 44, Crutched-friars; 67, Gresham-street, and 4, Cheapside, at which ordinary, special, and excursion tickets may be obtained throughout the week (except Friday). The booking-office at Paddington will be open for the issue of tickets all day on Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, so that passengers wishing to avoid the crush of the holiday traffic may obtain tickets at their leisure.

THE SUNDAY SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of this society was held at the rooms of the Sunday Society, 19, Charing Cross, Mr. W. Rickatson in the chair. The directors' report and balance-sheet were read by the honorary secretary, Mr. T. O. Blagg, and after some discussion was adopted. Mr. F. J. Furnivall was re-elected president of the society. The election of vice-presidents, directors, and the re-election of the treasurer and honorary secretary concluded the business of the meeting. The next reading will take place on the first Sunday in May.





THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.—HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE.



## FAMOUS PLAYERS.

[CONTINUED.]

## MRS. HARTLEY.

THE costume of Mrs. Hartley as depicted in our artist's drawing, from a painting made from the life by Roberte, will be sure to provoke a smile, the idea of her dress being like anything worn in the twelfth century is so strikingly absurd. The close wimple, long knotted sleeves, rich tunics, and long trains of Henry II.'s reign could not resemble less nearly the dress in which Mrs. Hartley personated at Covent Garden Theatre the Fair Rosamond of Mr. Thomas Hull's once highly popular tragedy, *Henry II., or the Fall of Rosamond* (1774). But in her day acting was everything, and critics did not condescend to notice such trifling subordinate things as costume, scenery, and properties; indeed, some critics—Lichtenberg to wit—upheld modern costumes for the stage. Betterton, Macklin, and Garrick (the latter had quite a collection of ancient costumes), played Hamlet and Macbeth in the court or French dress of their period. Booth played Cato in a flowered dressing gown and flowing full-bottomed wig; and John Kemble, the first partial reformer of stage costume, at first played Hamlet in a court suit of black velvet, with diamond buckles in his shoes. Mrs. Crouch, when she played and sang as one of the witches in *Macbeth*, "made up" pretty, wore powder in her hair, and an exquisite rich lace costume with a plumed hat: and the hoop worn by Zara in the *Mourning Bride* used to extend over a circle about five feet in diameter. Nay, even the elder Mathews played Richmond in Shakspeare's *Richard III.* wearing the jacket and helmet discarded by one of his Majesty's regiment of light-horse.

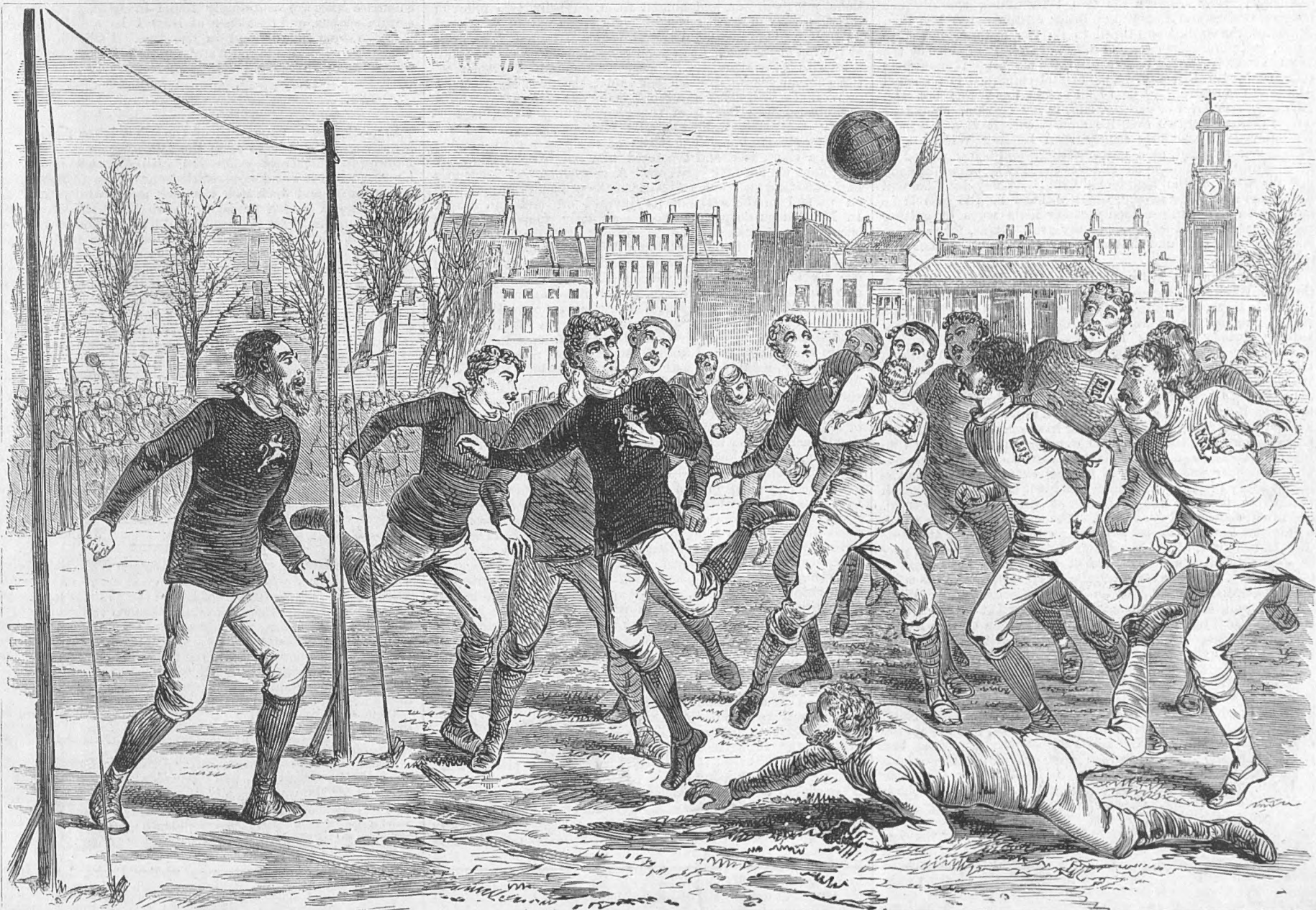
Mrs. Hartley was the contemporary of Garrick, and will always be remembered, if not as the once beautiful and popular actress, as the favourite model of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who painted her in a very large number of his most celebrated pictures, one of which is a portrait of her in the cha-



FAMOUS PLAYERS.—MRS. HARTLEY AS "FAIR ROSAMOND."

racter of Jane Shore, which Boaden says did not do her justice, and another represents her as "a Bacchante." Northcote described her as the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Leslie, in his *Life of Reynolds*, speaks of her lovely face and lithe, tall, delicate figure with no little enthusiasm. The poet Mason wrote his once well-known tragedy of *Elfrida* that she might personify the leading character. Hull's above-mentioned tragedy was left incomplete and abandoned in despair of finding a fitting representative for its heroine, until her appearance on the boards of Covent Garden, which at once induced him to complete it, and so she played Fair Rosamond. Garrick wrote of her, "A finer creature I never saw. Her make is perfect." Boaden says her hair was golden, Moody says it was red, Leslie says it was auburn, and Mr. Thomas Hull, quoting an old ballad, speaks of "her crisped locks, like threads of gold." Sir Joshua always painted it as a golden auburn. Moody says she was "ignorant and stubborn," and adds that she "has a slovenly good-nature about her that renders her prodigiously vulgar." Others speak of her in very different terms. Leslie says, "She was no actress," and the *New Monthly Magazine* in an article upon her death at Woolwich in the year 1824, says, "The truth and nature of her acting attracted universal admiration, and caused her to rank the highest, as a female, in her profession previous to the appearance of Mrs. Siddons." She died in easy circumstances, aged seventy-three, "her merits during her public service having procured her a comfortable independence."

A CLERGYMAN in Bristol is in the habit of parading the streets about service time in a white surplice and inviting the people "to come to church," while at his heels treads a boy carrying a lantern. It is said he attracts a great deal of attention amongst the rabble. Possibly he may eventually succeed in attracting his bishop's attention.



THE FOOTBALL MATCH AT THE OVAL.—ENGLAND v. SCOTLAND.



## OUR MODERN STAGE-COACHES.

Of the many pleasing diversions that are provided for the British public at this period of the year, there is not one more popular or deserving of success than that of coaching. Fine weather is the one thing to be desired, and when

From brightening fields of ether fair disclosed,  
Child of the sun, refulgent summer comes,  
In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth,

there is no more delightful pastime or better mode of beguiling the tedious hours than taking your seat on one of our modern stage-coaches, and, with an artist on the bench, being toolled along at the rate of ten miles an hour. The clatter of the hoofs of four high-stepping steeds, the mellow winding of the horn, and the cheery companionship of your fellow-passengers, cannot fail, unless you are of a morose turn of mind, to quicken the pulsations of your heart and enliven your spirits, whilst spanking along one of the pleasant routes that are offered for your selection by the spirited proprietors of these well-appointed vehicles. The enterprise of our modern Jehus, however, is not confined to the sultry hours of summer-tide, for the St. Albans coach has performed its journeys through frost and snow; and that capital coachman, Major Dixon, was to be seen handling the ribbons throughout the whole of this unparalleled winter; whilst the energetic Captain Hargreaves did the journey to and from Uxbridge, though bitter blew the blast. Now that

—Surly winter passes off,  
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:

any lover of the amusement may indulge his fancy to the fullest extent by journeying to the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly, where he will find the Messrs. Banks at their post, who will put him up to the time of day, and in the pleasantest manner point out the different journeys, giving the names of the coachmen and all necessary particulars. Already he will have a choice of several first-rate coaches. If he desires only to take a short trip, he can jump up on the Dorking and sit by the side of that well-known performer, Sir Henry de Bathe, or that clever whip, Lord Arthur Somerset; and he need not fear to entrust himself to a tiro such as Mr. Hunt, who, though new to coaching, has yet had plenty of experience with his own teams, having been perfected in the art, if I mistake not, by Ben Stubble, one of the smartest whips in creation—to use a Yankee term for a proficient. If he selects this journey he will pass through the prettiest parts of the county of Surrey, going *via* Clapham, Mitcham, Morden, Epsom, Leatherhead, and Mickleham. As the season advances the country in this direction, especially in the immediate vicinity of Box Hill and Dorking, will be found to be lovely.

If he desires merely a short afternoon's ride, then the Thames Ditton coach, the proprietor of which is Mr. Peter Robinson, ought to suit him, travelling as it does through Kew, Richmond, Twickenham, Bushey Park, Hampton Court, and East Moulsey, reaching Thames Ditton after a journey of an hour and fifty minutes; or if he prefers to journey in the direction of Hertfordshire, he will find Selby's coach—the Tantivy—ready to convey him to St. Albans, in first-rate style, with promptitude and despatch worthy of the old coaching days. Should, however, he be a thorough-going lover of the art of driving, and desire to go on for a regular downright old-fashioned piece of road work, then he must mount the Defiance, and trust himself to that skilled coachman, Mr. Carleton Blyth, who has entered on a big thing, having provided no less than 125 first-class coach-horses and two coaches, built by Hollands, in their very best style—which is not to be excelled by any builder in London—in order to perform the nowadays extraordinary journey between the two Universities, the distance between Oxford and Cambridge being certainly not less than 112 miles, the coach being timed to do the distance in twelve hours, including stoppages and a halt of twenty minutes at the White Horse Cellar for luncheon. Such a venture is enough to take one's breath away. The capital embarked is no small sum, and the return must be to an extent uncertain; but Mr. Blyth is a true lover of driving, and, in my opinion, should he drop a thousand or two over his amusement, it is a far more sensible way of spending money than backing Windgall, by Spavin out of Splint, at a gate-meeting, and being picked up by the Ring, or shaking your elbow at the Hawks, or punting and playing whist at the Roysterers' Club. At any rate, he will have some fun for his money, which will not be the case if he indulges in the before-named pleasing little ways of getting rid of spare time—at least, not to any great extent, for the pace is usually very fast, and the result, my experience teaches me, unsatisfactory.

Starting from the Mitre at Oxford, the Defiance, passing through Wheatley, Tetsworth, Stokenchurch, High Wycombe, Gerrard's Cross, Uxbridge, Hayes, Southall, Acton, Shepherd's Bush, reaches the White Horse Cellar at 2.50; then, after halting twenty minutes for refreshment, it starts again, going by way of Tottenham, Edmonton, Waltham Cross, Hoddesdon, Wadernill, Buntingford, Royston, and Harlston, arriving at the Bull, Cambridge, at 9 o'clock p.m., doing the distance, after deducting sixty minutes for stoppages, in eleven hours, being at the rate of ten miles an hour. This is a great undertaking, and everything has been done to make the arrangements perfect, while no expense has been spared to insure a thorough success. Prior to the starting of these coaches an opportunity was afforded of looking over them whilst in the manufactory of Messrs. Holland; and it is not saying too much to describe them as the perfection of stage-coaches for style, execution, finish, and good taste. The majority of those which will be put on the road this year are to be supplied by the same well-known firm, at whose establishment in Oxford-street may be seen other private coaches, two of which attracted my attention, namely, one built for the Duke of Hamilton, and the other for Mr. Gordon Bennett. If the horses selected by Mr. Blyth are to be judged from one team which I saw at the Cellar, they will leave nothing to be desired. On the 12th of this month Mr. Walter Shoolbred's extremely well-appointed coach will run as usual to Guildford and back, and will be an excellent opportunity for anyone riding through this pleasant journey of witnessing the excellent coachmanship and style in which the thing is done by this spirited proprietor. The teams working between London and Guildford will, I may venture to predict, be well chosen, even-stepping and good-looking, and will do the distance punctually to the moment, as was the case last year, when the way in which time was kept throughout the distance was very remarkable. Colonel Stacey Clitherow and Mr. Freeman will put their coach on the Brighton road in due course, affording an opportunity for those tired with the monotony of the journey by rail of varying the mode of travelling to the far-famed City by the Sea. Lord Helmsley and Baron Schroeder will work the road between London and Sevenoaks, affording an excellent opportunity of viewing the scenery of the most beautiful part of the lovely county of Kent. Mr. Bailey will reappear with his well-appointed mail-coach, and do the distance between Piccadilly and Windsor in the same excellent style as it was done last year. This will be found a most delightful trip, the coach passing through Richmond, Twickenham, Bushey Park, Hampton, and Staines. Another coach is announced to start from the Horse

Shoe, in Tottenham-court-road, to Virginia Water, and may now be seen at Messrs. Hollands'.

The Hironde, from Enfield to Hitchin, which has proved so great a success for the last two or three years, it is expected will reappear again this season. To the lover of the art of driving another opportunity will be offered of seeing a thoroughly well-appointed turn-out, admirably horsed, and beautifully toolled; no better coachman or more businesslike stage-coach is to be found on any road than that so admirably worked by Colonel A. P. Somerset, of Enfield Court. The horses selected to work the Hironde are invariably, or with only one or two exceptions, chestnuts, showing blood, stepping well together, and performing their journey at a slapping good speed. From the buckle of the reins to the point of his whip everything is perfect. What Colonel Somerset does, or desires to be done, must be thoroughly up to the mark or he will not be pleased. The ride through Hatfield Park is most enjoyable, and is a privilege especially accorded to the proprietor of the Hironde, making a pleasant change from the dusty road to the shady avenue of Lord Salisbury's extensive domain. When the limes are in full leaf and the fern fully grown, to trot gently through the park is delightful; large herds of fallow deer lift up their heads, wondering who it is that intrudes on their privacy, and innumerable rabbits scuttle away to their burrows, whilst fine old cock pheasants may be seen sunning themselves in the noontide rays, or pluming themselves after a summer shower in this fine old ancestral demesne. Nor must the good cheer which awaits you on arrival at the Sun at Hitchin be omitted to be noticed; for, after such a pleasant drive, nature will demand support, and the pigeon pies, roast ducks and green peas, roast beef of old England, and gooseberry tarts vividly recall the good old coaching days that were believed to have been entirely things of the past, but now by the exertions of the proprietors of the modern stage-coach are revived with spirit, affording much pleasure to the traveller, if not realising extravagant profits for the owners. On the whole, therefore, the prospects of coaching for the ensuing season may be considered in the ascendant. Doubtless such good examples will be followed by other enterprising spirits. In such case the man ambitious of emulating such whips as are at present in the field should put money in his purse and not be afraid to spend it, as it is no use doing things in a half-hearted way; and then he should go to Hollands' for his coach, to George Cox, of Stamford-street, Blackman's, of Knightsbridge, or the Andover and Weighill Company's establishment at Criklewood, for his nags, and he will find everything to his mind; and, further, if he wants the aid of a professional to show him how the thing should be done, he should engage the veteran whip, Harry Ward, who will speedily teach him how to handle the ribbons in a style becoming a coachman of one of our modern stage-coaches.

FRED. FEILD WHITEHURST.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

(To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS).

## FOXES IN TREES.

SIR,—In your issue of the 29th of March was an article or letter on the above subject, and in that of the 5th of this month is a sceptical correspondent, "Baron Munchausen," who, because he has never seen a fox in a tree, doubts that any one else has done so. For the last forty years I have many times in every year seen foxes in trees; passed them, and noted them when hounds have been running, and gone to look for them, found them, put them out, and hunted them. Within two miles of this house I can show seven or eight oak trees in which we have often found foxes. About two miles and a half from here, at the top of the park, I can point out some ten or twelve thorn trees with ivy on them, in which we have found foxes. I remember three or four years ago when out rabbit shooting, Mr. Holford, of Weston's Bril, firing at a rabbit under one of these thorns. A fox, about fifteen feet from the ground, jumped out, and as nearly as possible lighted on Mr. Holford's shoulder. I was standing close to him. The report of the gun roused another fox on a thorn tree, and I pointed him out standing up there watching us not fifty yards off. A gentleman was firing at a high rocketing pheasant, and some of the pellets, falling, lighted on us and on the fox, and he jumped off and ran away. In Mr. Estcourt's park I have constantly found two, and once three foxes, in the same oak tree, quite bare of ivy; and in a tree in Shipton Wood twenty times have I seen two foxes. A keeper there, Hinder, has a wonderful eye for a fox, and often when he has told me there was a fox in such a tree, I have been two or three minutes before I could see him. On Sir Gerald Codrington's property I can point out three trees in his park, one in Dodington Wood, one at Combe End, one in the glebe at Dodington, two in Wafley, where we constantly find foxes; and there are many others in this country, notably in Castle Coombe, from which I have seen foxes put out to be hunted. In the Berkeley country I know many trees also that hold foxes. In the late Lord Fitzhardinge's time, one of his keepers said there were two foxes, in a quarter of Hill's Wood that had been cut, in a tall bare tree with hardly any branches. They would not come down, and the keeper had to climb up, when at last one fox jumped down; it was on the side of a hill, and the fox jumped at least forty feet. He ran three fields and went to ground under a farm-house. We went back to the tree, pelted the other fox, and he then came quietly down till within seven or eight feet of the ground and gave us a run. It would be impossible to say how many foxes I have seen in trees, but I am well within the mark when I say that I have seen at least twenty foxes every year for the last 40 years in trees, and had many a good gallop with them. I believe if people took the trouble they would find them there in all counties. Almost all our farmers and labourers are sportsmen, and they give me information often of foxes in trees. My sons and I always look into any that seem likely, and we are often rewarded by finding one and sometimes more in a tree.—I am, &c.,

BEAUFORT.

Badminton, Chippenham, April 8th, 1879.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "Baron Munchausen," has made a great mistake in ridiculing the remarks made by "Rapier" in the article on "Foxes in Trees," which appeared in THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS of March 29th. During the hard frost this winter, I skated on a private lake, and, together with many others, frequently saw two foxes in an ivy-covered tree, the branches of which overhung the ice. There were daily from forty to fifty people on the ice, yet the foxes several times allowed hockey to be played close to their hiding-place without evincing the slightest inclination to vacate it. On the frost breaking up, the Biester and Warden Hill hounds hunted one of these "varmints," which, after running in a ring, eventually established himself in his old quarters in the tree, and upon being dislodged, he took to the water, and was killed in the lake by the pack. I have no doubt that this is one of many instances of foxes taking to trees, and trust that more may be forthcoming in your columns, as I think that "Rapier" ought not to receive such a "snub" as that administered by "Baron Munchausen" without a protest from

those who know that the remarks made by the former correspondent and ridiculed by the latter are perfectly correct.—I enclose my card, and remain yours, &c.,

Bicester, April 8th, 1879.

UP A TREE.

SIR,—In your controversy on the subject of "Foxes in Trees" I must unhesitatingly join with "Baron Munchausen," who disbelieves in the existence of foxes capable of such eccentricity, against "A Constant Reader," who fancies that he has seen such an unlikely sight—for I would not of course impute deliberate misstatement to any gentleman. Whether he has seen a squirrel, or whether what he has taken for a fox was simply an ocular delusion, I do not know, but he and "Rapier" (who appears to believe the fable) will have considerable difficulty in persuading your humble servant that foxes are ever found in trees. I think you will find it rather hard to answer the noble Baron's very pertinent query, What do the foxes go up the trees for? I flatter myself that I know as much about foxes as most men, and I have hunted all over the country; but I will confess that I know nothing whatever about the remarkable beasts of the breed that live in trees. It must be remembered that the branches of few trees grow so near to the ground that foxes could get among the branches, and you probably do not wish to persuade me that foxes fly? There may be a tree here and there up which an animal could run. That such trees are to be found in many places, and that they are sought out by foxes, you must excuse me for saying I do not believe. You may trust me that foxes could not if they would, and would not if they could. No, sir, "Rapier's Sketches in the Hunting Field" are all very well when they are in the field; but when he goes up trees to sketch foxes, his imagination leads him astray. Your paper is so interesting and amusing that you need not resort to such anecdotes to get up a sensation, and to "Baron Munchausen" I emphatically say,

DIRTO.

SIR,—It is evident that your correspondent "Munchausen," has had a very limited experience in fox-hunting, or even the nature of the fox. It is not an uncommon thing in some countries for a huntsman to send his whip on to a likely tree to see if a fox is in its branches. I myself have seen this done more than once by that huntsman of huntsmen old John Press, late of the Blackmoor Vale, and many a good fox has been found in trees in Mr. Yeatman's coverts at Stock. I have also seen a fox, when hard pressed, run up a tree slightly on the incline. When the coverts are very wet is the time they are most likely to be found in trees, but at all times they frequent them. Many a covert is supposed to be drawn blank, while the sly old gentleman is quietly looking on all the time from above. Old trees covered with ivy, a little on the incline, are the most likely; a trustworthy hound will soon find it out if the whips will only allow him. Your correspondent says he has very often followed hounds. Perhaps they were stag hounds. The followers of hounds in general are riding men, not hunting men—a hunting man has a knowledge of the animal he is in pursuit of.—Yours truly,

E. DE P. O'K.

SIR,—I have read with considerable amusement, and so I doubt not have many others, the letter in your issue of today, signed "Baron Munchausen," on the subject of foxes in trees, in which your correspondent ridicules in no measured terms the idea of such a reversal, as he seems to think, of the provisions of nature, simply I suppose because he has not seen the extraordinary (?) phenomenon himself. For his information I can vouch for the fact, from personal observation, that in some countries foxes are continually found in trees, particularly in certain seasons, and that once at least I have myself seen as many as three foxes found in one tree. I will in particular refer your correspondent to any hunting farmer, and indeed they all hunt, in the old Berkshire country to bear out fully what I say.—Truly yours,

April 5.

WESSEX.

SIR,—Seeing in your paper of the 5th a letter from "Baron Munchausen," I beg to state the following facts:—I was out hunting a number of years ago with Mr. Assheton Smith's hounds, when it was discovered that one or two foxes were up a tree. Carter and Jack took the pack away while a man went up the tree, a Scotch fir covered with ivy. However, Carter became anxious to see the result, and let the hounds come near. The result was that there were two foxes up the tree, the vixen coming down the opposite side to that the man went up, and got off, but the dog went up to the top of the tree (a high one), went out on the topmost branch, and fell down in the midst of the hounds. There being a wood in the immediate vicinity, he got off, and after half-an-hour's run we lost him. I also when out shooting in the New Forest, came across an oak tree, at the foot of which I saw some briars, and climbing up it, saw one of the finest beds for a fox I ever saw. I suppose these facts will do for the "Baron."—I am, &c.,

FREDERICK BRETON.

## THE LATE MR. C. ROSS.

SIR,—I am informed that a paragraph appeared in your paper of recent date intimating that my late lamented brother, Mr. C. Ross, of Leek, who met with an accident whilst playing football (which proved fatal) had been suffering from an abscess when he played. Allow me to state that such an impression is entirely erroneous; death resulted solely from injuries received in the accident, as shown by the medical certificate.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

J. BRIGGS ROSS.

AFTER an interval of 15 years the Watton Vale Steeplechases were revived last week, when some good sport was provided. The meeting had the support of two of the gentlemen, who hunt the country, besides that of several noblemen and gentlemen and the weather being fine, there was a large number of spectators. The course was about two and a half miles in length, and embraced several jumps, some of the fences being very ugly ones, but no serious accident occurred.

LUMBAGO.—Instant relief and speedy cure by using "Dredge's Heal All." Of all chemists, 1s. 1d. a bottle. [ADVT.]

"GOLDEN STAR" BAY LEAF WATER, Triple Distilled. Delightfully fragrant and refreshing. The most delicious of all the Toilet Waters. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers. Depot, 114 and 116, Southampton-row, London.—[ADVT.]

HORSES: WOUNDS, STRAINS, STIFF JOINTS AND SORE THROATS.—Hot and cold water and DAY, SON, & HEWITT'S "Brown Extract," with an occasional dose of the "Red Paste Balls" or "Red Condition Powders," will heal the most stubborn wounds, allay the most violent pain, reduce the most dangerous swellings, strengthen the weakest joints, and cure the sorest heels. Strains and sprains are within its matchless powers, and, in case of severe bleemish, will restore the natural hair. It has, in fact, no equal for its healing, penetrating, and balsamic powers. 22, Dorset-street, Baker-street, London, W.—[ADVT.]

WORMS IN A PUG.—"Vicarage, Welley Rocks, Leek, June 6, 1878. A very handsome female Pug, which had been presented to me, seemed very much out of condition, and notwithstanding great care as to diet, &c., no improvement was perceptible. I therefore gave her yesterday one of Naldire's Powders, and in fifteen minutes she brought off a Tapeworm 6 feet in length, with a quantity of slime. You may add this with my name to your numerous testimonials. E. Downman." Naldire's Powders are sold by all chemists, price 2s., 3s. 6d., and 5s., and by BARCLAY & SONS, 95, Farringdon Street, London. [ADVT.]



## TURFIANA.

THE meeting publicly advertised to take place at the Victoria Club to-morrow, and at which members of that speculative resort are exhorted to be present, cannot fail to rouse our curiosity concerning the subject of "vital interest to the Turf" which it is proposed to discuss. What it can be no one seems able to divine, but may we venture to entertain the shadow of a hope that bookmakers are at last beginning to see the necessity of setting their house in order, and of dissociating themselves, once for all, from all connection with the harpies and welshers who not only trade on their good names, but also cause the most solvent and respectable of the fraternity of fielders to be held in dishonour? As we have over and over again pointed out, it is high time that metalicians with the genuine "ring" about them should take steps to have their resorts upon racecourses purged from counterfeiters and impostors, whose presence in the various rings and enclosures benefits no one save grasping lessees and proprietors. If these "enterprising" gentry will not refuse the entrance-fees of such undesirable characters as now infest them, their respectable clients must take the matter in hand, and compel more attention to be paid to the clearing of "Tattersall's lawns" and other places from the roughs and thieves which infest them. No question of greater "vital interest to the Turf" could well be imagined, and we trust the subject may find a place, at least, in the deliberations of members of the Victoria Club, even if they have been convened with a totally different object in view. We earnestly hope the whole affair may not, like recent reports in connection with Peter, turn out to be merely a "shave;" and only let the geni of the Ring put their shoulders to the wheel with a will, and we shall speedily witness a change in public opinion in favour of "betting men," the worst types of whom are now frequently taken as representing a class by no means so black as they are painted.

Skimming over the cream of racing at the various minor meetings held since we went to press last week, we are able to chronicle a fair amount of success at each of them, both in the flat-racing and cross-country departments, the latter of which dies hard, and will not finally take leave of our programmes of sport for some time to come. A lot of fixtures followed in the wake of Northampton—Warwick, Pontefract, and Croydon all being arranged so as to clash; but they were sufficiently far removed in point of distance not seriously to interfere with one another, and each obtained its fair share of patronage. A lecturer filly out of Rosary (and sister to the weedy Harriet Laws), and Masquerader, were the two-year-old winners in the Midlands, and each of them won in a canter; while Mr. Gretton had a turn with Monk and Dominica in the handicap line, and the jumping events brought out fairly good fields. At Pontefract Lady Derwentwater and Strathallan were credited with the principal two-year-old events, and the former is by The Baron, a son of King Tom and Bay Celia, who gets a lot of small winners in Yorkshire, and would doubtless do better still with mares of a superior class. It was cheering to see a good sportsman like Mr. Perkins following up his Roehampton success at Northampton with Umbria in the Pontefract Handicap, and the northern stables, of course, had all the good things to themselves at Mr. T. S. Dawson's well-arranged little meeting. At Croydon, a Prince Charlie filly, one of the Royal yearlings of 1878, made very short work of her field in the Two-Year-Old Stakes; and Blue Ruin, after figuring victoriously in a hurdle race, came out a gallant winner of the Great Welcomes Handicap, and should attract attention to his sire, now standing at Middle Park. Croxton Park was as aristocratic and as enjoyable as ever, and fine weather and good fields were the order of the day; while in other parts of the country local hunt meetings were in full swing, and we can only repeat what we wrote in their favour a week or two since, not one word of which do we see any reason to qualify.

The City and Suburban appears still to be regarded as a very open race, but things may assume a very different complexion at Newmarket next week, when, however, it is hardly likely we shall see any of the prominent candidates stripped, though it is possible we may be introduced to new aspirants. Clocher must surely be a hot favourite before the fall of the flag, for he keeps on winning in good company and over all sorts of distances in France, and is still unpenalised, and likely to remain so. Elf King is very firm, and business is evidently meant with Mr. Crawford's colt, between whom and Clocher we shall continue to divide our allegiance. We are almost inclined to doubt whether Red Comyn is quite class enough, lightly as he has been weighted, and there may be a difficulty about getting him fit to the post, while he has not many "doughty deeds" to recommend him. As regards Fontainebleau we find him continually nibbled at, and until lately he was almost upsides with Clocher in the betting, notwithstanding his form has not been of the grandest in his own country, and he is not so well cut out for the course as Clocher. Knight of Burghley continues to find friends, and his chance must be more than a respectable one, looking at his very creditable antecedents; but we cannot quite fancy Breadfinder at 12lb more, nor Flavius with an additional stone, though the last-named is undoubtedly one of the improving sort, and the more we look at his running with Wheel of Fortune the more are we convinced that enough credit has not been given Flavius for that performance. Belphebe is a very consistent runner, and the City and Suburban distance should suit Lord Hartington's mare right well, but she has plenty of weight, and is hardly of the same class as Thunder. Cromwell is too uncertain to trust, though he represents a formidable stable, and the above-named are all that appear to be able to claim a quotation at the time of writing, though before the flag falls there is likely to be speculation enough, and we shall, doubtless, see the usual large field for the most popular of the spring handicaps.

The weekly budgets of "stud news" may be now said to have reached high-water mark, and from all quarters come good accounts of plenty of foals, and of the preponderance of colts over fillies. Lady Langden, we regret to hear, has lost her Adventurer foal at Hermit's paddocks, where she has been very wisely despatched, as Mr. Chaplin's old favourite, though not on a very commanding scale himself, gets his stock remarkably large and full of bone, as witness Trappist, Ambergris, Gunnersbury and others which have sprung from his loins. Adventurer's dam has thrown a colt to King of the Forest, and tries the same source of blood again, only little higher up the stream, Scottish Chief having been selected for Mr. Jardine's mare. Breakwater, with a Springfield colt at heel, disports herself in John Davis's paddocks, and the Rugby stallion's stock have done wonderfully well considering his chances, which were poor indeed at starting.

There are rumours of yet another project on the lines of Sandown and Kempton Parks, and so long as these "model meetings" find faithful imitators, there will be no great cause for complaint, as they will swallow up a whole host of ventures too weak and feeble to exist, and which only encumber the Calendar and bring the Turf into bad odour.

The proposed abandonment of racing on the Houghton Saturday, will if carried out, shock the feelings of many of the old school of sportsmen, but it may be regarded as a significant sign of the times, and most reasonable beings have come to the

conclusion that four days at one centre of sport during the week are amply sufficient, even at places like Ascot, where the "padding" is of so superior a character to that in vogue at Newmarket. It is true there are many more plums in the pudding than formerly, but still not sufficient to leaven such an indigestible lump as we have seen served up to racegoers at the closing reunion at headquarters, which will henceforth experience a useful degree of compression, and cannot fail to profit thereby.

Mars is the latest addition to the "Obituary of Stallions," and a very useful plater he was in his day, while being out of Macgregor's dam, and a good-looking horse to boot, it was no wonder he was deemed worthy to be enrolled among the "conscript fathers" of the Stud. It seems curious that of all the distinguished sons of old Orlando it should be reserved for Marsyas to eclipse his brethren in stud honours, and it speaks volumes for the judgment of the late Mr. Blenkiron that he should have rescued from obscurity a horse destined to boast the sireship of a Derby winner, and of a scarcely less distinguished brother, as well as of Viridis, the dam of the first "Champion" of England, and one of the best looking horses "of any age or country."

Our Australian cousins would seem to be bent upon breeding a winner of the English Derby, and with this end in view certain enterprising colonists have purchased a batch of brood mares in this country, which they propose to mate with Gang Forward and other sires at the Antipodes, and to enter and run the produce upon British soil. We are bound to concede these enthusiasts all honour and praise for their pluck and enterprise, but we fear the champions of Australia will compete for our Derbys and St. Legers under very adverse conditions, unless some one, more fertile in expedients than we can at present imagine, invents a system of training *in transitu*, whereby the chances of our colonial competitors shall not be jeopardised by wanderings over sea and land. As yearlings they might possibly be transported without any fear of injury, but so much time would be lost and so much expense incurred that the game would be hardly worth the candle. John Scott is said to have once finished the preparation of a horse in the streets of London, but not even on board of the Great Eastern could a track be devised for exercise, and we fear the project must fall to the ground, unless Australian sportsmen should be content to lose a year by allowing their mares to foal in this country. But this time need not be lost if the mares were covered again in England, though the produce could not then be denominated Australian, which we take to be the very pith and marrow of the project. However, some attempt will doubtless be made, and we heartily wish those interested in the experiment a success in "bearding the lion in his den."

We have not had so apparently an open Two Thousand Guineas and Derby for years, and if Lancastrian should be returned the winner of the first-named event great will be the scramble for favouritism in the latter encounter, all the leading candidates for which appear to labour under some sort of suspicion for unsoundness, deterioration, or lack of class and quality.

We never look upon the racing season as being fairly set going before the Craven Week at Newmarket, which this year promises to be fully as interesting as usual, and almost as much attention will be attracted by the Two Thousand Guineas and Derby horses in training there as by any of the events brought to an issue during the four days of the meeting. The Trial Stakes has a fair entry, and if Sir Bevis can manage to settle Drumhead, Adventurer, and Co. over the Rowley Mile with the worst of the weights, Mr. Acton's colt is a better horse than we take him to be, and we shall vote for Drumhead. A 100 sovs. Post Sweepstakes may attract Exeter (or Leghorn), one of Mr. Bowes's pair, Muley Edris, and Zut, to which last we give the preference; and in the Double Trial Plate the best publicly tried youngster is *Vol au Vent*, though a lot of darkies will probably have a cut at Mr. Acton's dainty dish. The Biennial for three-year-olds used to command more attention in former days than now, when the claims of a number of Two Thousand Guineas and Derby outsiders were disposed of, and the ground somewhat cleared for the big races. On the present occasion, however, but few may be found to try conclusions with Lord Falmouth's pair, *Wheel of Fortune* and *Leap Year*, who may safely be trusted to take care of Gunnersbury, Janet, Leghorn (or Exeter), Helvellyn, St. Bruno, and Khanseem, of which the first-named may not care to show; and he is no favourite of ours, being very heavy in front, and with a pair of doubtful forelegs. On Wednesday the revision of conditions in the Column has wrought quite a change in that old-fashioned stake, which has 29 subscribers, among which we give precedence to the claims of *Charibert* over those of George Albert, Ramsbury, and Radiancy; and we assign the Claret Stakes to *Insulaire*, and the Twenty-first Sale Stakes to *Knight of Burghley* or the *Squeaker*—Mr. Naylor's colt for choice. The Newmarket Handicap is invariably a difficult race to deal with, but *Rylstone* and *Thornfield* shall be our selections; with a saving clause in favour of *Il Gladiatore*, if he can be brought to the post. In the Four-Year-Old Biennial (Ditch In) on Thursday *Caerou* may be equal to the task of polishing off Thurio, Pontoise, Cyprus and Co., Mr. Cartwright's colt being a good stayer; and in the Post Sweepstakes (D.M.) we may be treated to another sight of *Wheel of Fortune*, who should hold her own against Ruperra, Zut, and Peace, of which Mr. Houldsworth's colt may be in reserve. The Craven Stakes (Ancester Mile) contains such names as Gunnersbury, Strathern, Discord, Marshall Scott, Squeaker, Ruperra, Roscius, and Radiancy, and it is impossible to say what may be pulled out for it; but *Gunnersbury* takes a maiden allowance, and the added "monkey" may tempt his owner to throw down the gauntlet, while the uphill track will be all in his colt's favour. Next to the "big run" we fancy Discord, but the entry is a singularly poor one, in point of quality, for so rich a stake. On Friday the old-fashioned Bennington Stakes may tempt a lot of moderate ones to the post, of which *Radiancy* will be found best worth standing; and in a sweepstakes for three-year-olds, over the Rowley Mile, commend us to *Squirrel*, if he really has any pretension to Derby form, seeing that he has nothing better to beat than Melon and St. Bruno, unless Exeter makes for himself a reputation in the meantime. The Newmarket International Handicap has 31 contents, most of them likely to be able to compass the course across the Flat; but at present we can only point to Rylstone, Drumhead, Eminence, and Misenus as being fairly handicapped, though it will not do to trust the latter after his eccentric performances of last year. Knight of Burghley's penalty will not prevent him running forward if it is deemed worth while to start him, but we would sooner stand *Rylstone* outright than anything else, though the race seems to be a very open one. With the rest of the programme we must decline to meddle, but a good week's racing will doubtless inaugurate the season at head-quarters.

Wednesday.

A GREAT Rose Show is announced to be held at the Alexandra Palace on Saturday, July 5th. Forms of entry, regulations, and the schedule of prizes are now ready.

THE Thames Ditton Coach made its first journey from Hatchett's, Piccadilly, on Saturday last, admirably driven by Page, a professional whip.

## PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

## CROYDON MEETING.

FRIDAY, APRIL 4.

THE HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Mr. E. Frewen's Cavillero (Captain Willoughby), 1; King of Tyne, 2; Rothschild, 3. 4 ran.  
THE INNKEEPERS' PLATE.—Mr. H. M. Walker's Fortitude (Baker), 1; Norseman, 2; Extinguish, 3. 12 ran.  
THE GREAT WELCOMES HANDICAP.—Mr. Case Walker's Blue Ruin (A. Hall), 1; Vegetarian, 2; Equinox, 3. 7 ran.  
THE WICKHAM PLATE.—Mr. Burton's Cremation (Loates), 1; c by Pauline, 2; Extinguish, 3. 10 ran.  
THE SURREY OPEN STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. Dunlop's Bacchus (R. P. Anson), 1; Annette, 2; Royal Oak II., 3. 3 ran.  
THE JUVENILE PLATE did not fill.

## WARWICK MEETING.

FRIDAY.

THE PUBLIC AUCTION STAKES.—Mr. Jos. Dawson's Masquerade (C. Wood), 1; Tantiy, 2; Anonyma, 3. 4 ran.  
THE GUY WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. F. Gretton's Monk (T. Cannon), 1; Acrobat, 2; Lindsifurne, 3. 5 ran.  
A SELLING WELTER PLATE.—Mr. E. Hobson's Con Cregan (F. Lynham), 1; Middle Temple, 2; Lowther, 3. 8 ran.  
THE WARWICKSHIRE SPRING HANDICAP.—Mr. F. Gretton's Dominica (Greaves), 1; Laurier, 2; Oxford Beau, 3. 5 ran.  
THE HUNTERS' OPTIONAL SELLING PLATE.—Captain Davison's Columbus (Mr. H. Lowe), 1; Muscovy, 2; Patroness, 3. 4 ran.  
SELLING HURDLE RACE.—Mr. W. Smith's St. Margaret (A. Holman), 1; Neptune, 2; Dorothy, 3. 4 ran.  
THE COVENTRY STEEPLECHASE was declared void.

## PONTEFRACT MEETING.

FRIDAY.

THE WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Skelgate Maid, 1; Ranald M'Eagh, 2; Knight Templar, 3. 7 ran.  
THE CARLETON HANDICAP PLATE.—Cleopatra, 1; Queen of Scotland, 2; Bryonia, 3. 3 ran.  
THE VICTORIA PLATE.—Strathallan, 1; Peerage, 2; f by Playfair—Poetry, 3. 7 ran.  
THE HUNTERS' SELLING PLATE.—Allerton, 1; Spendthrift, 2; Gossip, 3. 3 ran.  
THE AIL-AGED SELLING PLATE.—Dumbiedykes, 1; Oak Apple, 2; Patrol, 3. 6 ran.  
A HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Gornal, 1; Puck, disq. 2 ran.

## CROXTON PARK MEETING.

FRIDAY.

THE FARMERS' PLATE.—Robert de Todenel, 1; Little One, 2; Miss Jessie, 3. 12 ran.  
THE SCURRY WELTER HANDICAP.—Antelope, 1; St. Hilda, 2. 2 ran.  
THE CUP.—Kinsman, 1; Vanguard, 2; Buridon, 3. 4 ran.  
THE BILLESDON COPLOW STAKES.—The Dandy 1; Lighthouse 2; Kate, 3. 9 ran.  
BELVOIR CASTLE STAKES.—St. Hilda w.o.  
THE WALTHAM HUNTERS' HURDLE RACE.—Robert de Todenel, 1; Carmelite 2; Novelty, 3. 6 ran.  
THE GRANBY HANDICAP was declared void.

## EGLINTON HUNT MEETING.

FRIDAY.

A SELLING HURDLE RACE.—Pacha, 1; Kamschatka, 2; Matron, 3. 3 ran.  
A HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE.—Douglas, 1; Ronald, 2; Ancient Mariner, 3. 3 ran.  
THE WEST OF SCOTLAND GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE.—Militant, 1; Ragumuffin, 2. 2 ran.  
THE HUNTERS' PLATE.—Knight of Ellerslie, 1; Yorkshireman, 2. 2 ran.  
THE ADAMHILL CUP.—April Mort, 1; Don Pedro, 2; Fusilier, 3. 5 ran.  
EGLINTON FOX HUNTERS' CUP.—Perpetual Motion, 1; Voyageur, 2; Mistletoe, 3. 6 ran.  
AILSA CUP.—Empress came in alone. 2 ran.

## NOTTINGHAM MEETING.

TUESDAY.

THE VALE OF BELVOIR HUNT CUP.—Mr. J. C. Hill's Moorhen (Owner), 1; Lighthouse, 2; Huntingfield, 3. 7 ran.  
THE LITTLE JOHN PLATE.—Mr. F. Morton's Confetti (Huxtable), 1; Au Revoir, 2; Modest Martha, 3. 4 ran.  
THE PORTLAND PLATE.—Mr. C. Hibbert's Isolina (Morbey), 1; Lily Hawthorn, 2; Titania II, 3. 6 ran.  
THE NOTTINGHAM SPRING HANDICAP.—Mr. Leigh's Julius Celsus (Glover), 1; Drumhead, 2; Zuchero, 3. 9 ran.  
A HUNTERS' SELLING FLAT RACE.—Mr. G. Hibbert's Allerton (Mr. R. Shaw), 1; St. Emilion, 2; Just in Time, 3. 4 ran.  
THE COLWICK HALL SELLING STAKES.—Mr. F. Davis's Wellington (C. Wood), 1; Ripple, 2; Extinguish, 3. 4 ran.  
THE WIVERTON HURDLE RACE PLATE.—Mr. T. Clifford's Northfleet (C. Lawrence), 1; Agglethorpe, 2; Bonny Betty, 3. 4 ran.

WEDNESDAY.

THE BESTWOOD PARK PLATE.—Mr. W. M. Raine's Acrobat (Glover), 1; Queen of Pearls, 2; Calabria, 3. 10 ran.  
THE THURGAULTON PRIORY SELLING PLATE.—Mr. E. Hobson's Sybella filly (Newhouse), 1; Ozone, 2; Lady Chesterfield filly, 3. 3 ran.  
THE RUFFORD ABBEY PLATE.—Capt. Machel's Pardon (F. Archer), 1; Calabrian, 2; Oxford Beau, 3. 8 ran.  
THE ANNESLEY HUNTERS' STAKES.—Mr. J. C. Hill's Moorhen (Mr. Brockton), 1; St. Emilion, 2; King of Tyne, 3. 6 ran.  
A HUNTERS' SELLING HURDLE RACE.—Captain Maxwell's Troubadour II. (F. Lynham), 1; Primrose, 2; Reredos, 3. 7 ran.  
THE OXTON HURDLE RACE PLATE.—Mr. F. Patnaore's Cocotte (J. Potter), 1; Kinsman, 2; Adante, 3. 9 ran.  
THE BOROUGHS MEMBERS' CUP.—Mr. Williamson's Hawthorn (Owner), 1; Chimney Sweep, 2; Polly, 3. 13 ran.

## FOREIGN RACING INTELLIGENCE.

## PARIS SPRING MEETING.

SUNDAY.

PRIX DE BOULOGNE.—Baron de Rothschild's Rose de Mai (Rolle), 1; Chateleine II., 2; Gibert, 3. 11 ran.  
PRIX DE LONGCHAMPS.—M. Fould's Salteador (Hunter), 1; Virginie II., 2; Chalmereau, 3. 11 ran.  
PRIX DE LA SEINE.—Count de Lagrange's Barde (Dodge), 1; Aveimes, 2; Brie, 3. 7 ran.  
PRIX RAINBOU.—M. Delatre's Clocher (Hudson), 1; Stathouder, 2; Inval, 3. 4 ran.  
PRIX BLANGY.—Count de Lagrange's Porcelaine (Dodge), 1; Gredin, 2; Marou II., 3. 8 ran.  
PRIX VALTEAUX.—M. Ephrussi's Venise (G. Mills), 1; La Scala II., 2; Satisfaction, 3. 10 ran.

## STUD NEWS.

BRENNHAM HOUSE STUD FARM.—March 28th, Hon. G. L. Pennant's Perforce, a dark brown colt by Peto Gomez, and will be put to Cymbal; 3rd, Mr. H. Waring's Carnage, a bay colt by Flageolet, and will be put to King of the Forest; and his Christmas Box, a chestnut filly by King of the Forest, and will be put to him again; April 1st, Mr. H. Waring's Symmetrical, a chestnut colt by Saluator, and will be put to Cymbal.

THE HENBURY, Mosley, Birmingham.—March 29th, Mr. Lapper's Chamer, by Tim Whiffler out of Oxford's dam, a brown filly by Navigator, and will be put to Jolly Friar.

BAUMBER PARK, Horncastle, Lincolnshire.—March 30th, Lord Scarborough's Javotte, by Buccaneer, a grey filly by Strathconan, and put to Ceruleus; 15th, Mr. Howard's Scholiast, by Lord Lyon, a chestnut colt by Hermit, and put to Ceruleus; 19th, Mr. Sharpe's Marie Galante, by Adventurer, a brown filly by Merry Sunshine, and will be put to him again; 25th, Mr. Clarke's mare, by Lambton out of Radiancy, a chestnut filly by Ceruleus, and will be put to him again; April 1st, Mr. Keighley's Lady Mary, by Lord Clifden, a bay filly by Ceruleus, and will be put to him again. Arrived at Ceruleus: Mr. Machin's Conceit, by Rataplan, barren; Mr. Lea's mare, by Rataplan or Strathconan, maiden; Mr. Whitton's mare, by Voltigeur out of Vesta, barren; and his Rose des Alpes (sister to Alpenstock), barren. Arrived to Merry Sunshine: The Rev. F. Smith's Lady Gay Spanker, by Lord Lyon, maiden; and Mr. Sharpe's Bellone, by Monarque, barren.

Collins's billiard tournament is still progressing, but I shall leave my remarks upon it until next week, when it will have been finished.

Very poor entries were obtained for the boxing and wrestling championships on Thursday week, it being quite time the latter farce was done with. Some grand boxing took place, at the conclusion of which G. Airey, City Gymnastic Club, was declared the winner of the light-weights; H. G. Brinsmead, W.L.B.C., of the middle; and G. H. Vizo, Thames R.C., the heavy *proxime accessant*; C. H. Kain, Manchester B.C.; R. Hatton, Mersey Canoe Club; and R. Frost Smith, W.L.B.C. In the wrestling, A. Allwright, G.G.S., beat R. C. T. Challenor easily.



## VETERINARIAN.

## DYSPEPSIA IN HORSES.

We casually mentioned this last week in our remarks on want of condition, but the importance of the subject is our excuse for bringing it before our readers in more detail. Hardly any disease or symptom—for dyspepsia is not a disease, it is but a symptom—is more lightly spoken of than is indigestion, as we familiarly term dyspepsia. "Only a little indigestion," is a common saying, and an explanation easily understood. Again, in speaking of friends we say, "Oh! quite well, thank you, only his old friend, indigestion, troubles him; but with that exception," &c. Alas! how little people know about the subject, or they would never talk as they do of dyspepsia. As we have said, it is a *symptom* only, and as such it may indicate all stages and conditions, from little Tommy's "bun fever" after a Christmas dinner or a children's party, down to old Monimán's heart complaint, brought on by his carking city cares, which are within a few weeks of being too many for him. Exactly the same remarks apply to horses: dyspepsia may be a passing shadow or the most grave of forebodings, and if they are exempt from anxiety and cares, they still have plenty of causes operating upon their highly sensitive systems, which grind down the health and bring on chronic indigestion. There is hardly any disease to which the body is liable that has not at one or other or all of its stages dyspepsia as a symptom, which, of course, is but another way of saying that dyspepsia is a beacon to any and every complaint; so that we need not trouble ourselves to even try to enumerate them, but we can conveniently arrange them under three heads:—1. Among the most common causes, as we mentioned last week, is the *diet*. Excessive eating is largely the cause of indigestion in carriage horses, especially where old people are concerned. An old lady, perhaps, keeps one horse, whose services she requires for a couple of hours two or three times a week, and her wooden-headed old coachman, who, like the horse he has to look after, has little to do, and thinks even less than he acts, feeds the sleek, panting, old piece of horse-flesh three times a day with hard corn, because carriage horses have traditionally three feeds a day. Millers and brewers' horses are equally open to this accusation very often. In these cases we not only have the loaded tongue, nausea, and so forth, of common indigestion, but we have irritable, itchy skin, especially at the heels. Here indigestion is a symptom of plethora which requires three days' starvation by restriction to bran mashes and a little hay, together with a dose of physic. Too rapid eating is not such a common cause of indigestion among horses as among ourselves, though they sometimes are guilty. This arises from two causes; either they are ravenously hungry or the attendant is unwisely entering the stable and fussing about the harness before they have had a reasonable time to masticate their meal. Carters are often guilty of this practice, but they would do better to regulate the quantity of food they set before their horses. That is to say, if the bait is to be only a short one of a quarter of an hour or so, let them put one-fourth the quantity of food before the horse. Of course if this happens once in a way, no harm is done; but if the horse has a full feed set before him, and his daily experience is that the attendant fetches him away before he has half time to properly masticate it, he gets into the habit of bolting as much as he can in the time. By putting just as much before a horse as he can properly masticate during a short bait, he does his little well, and the little he takes does him an equivalent amount

good. This is better than his taking a whole feed and masticating none of it, in which case we see afterwards whole corn in his dung. We have already referred to defective teeth and improper food; the former we saw was such a common cause of want of condition and therefore of indigestion. Water injudiciously given is a common cause of indigestion. It should always be given in time to pass out of the stomach before solid food is taken into the stomach; if not, it causes indigestion in two ways: it so dilutes the juices of the stomach, which the stomach throws out to dissolve the food, as to render them incapable of doing so; or it distends the stomach and prevents it contracting upon the contained food and kneading it, and so mixing it with the proper juices. Water quickly gets absorbed from an *empty* stomach, so that ten minutes is abundance of time to give water before eating. If given after eating it should not be within an

experience of horses. Products which the kidneys should drain away find their way along with the gastric juice into the stomach. Nervous impressions alter the gastric juice in common with the secretions throughout. Some horses are extremely susceptible, for instance, complete loss of the feeling of hunger—which is located in the stomach—is seen in horses on hunting days. Many hunters don't take their breakfasts on hunting days. Then again the nervous impressions at the cover side in some horses so increase these secretions that sweating and purging set in. Horses hold about the third place as highly sensitive beings; dogs being the most sensitive, for in them we find an angry look sometimes sufficient to turn them away to vomit. Man holds the next place, then the horse, so that when we know how surely the secretions are altered by nervous impressions we ought to exercise more

thought in keeping the horse's surroundings quiet during meal-times. 3. This last class of causes includes all those which affect the movements of the stomach. This organ in the horse is very small, and won't hold much at a time. If, therefore, we allow a greedy horse to eat his fill, especially of boiled or cooked food, he over-distends, and thus paralyzes his stomach, which may cause his death in a few hours. Then, again, when a horse has been ill his stomach is soon overtaxed in this way without being actually over-distended. Over-fatigue also weakens the moving power of the stomach much the same as disease does, thus rendering a fit of colic almost certain to follow a full feed.

The treatment of dyspepsia will have been sufficiently indicated by our foregoing remarks, so that we have only to add a few general remarks. All treatment of it should begin by clearing out the alimentary track with an aloetic purging ball. After this, easily-digested food should be given in small quantities at a time, and frequently. A very little table-salt is a good thing sprinkled on the food each time, but so called "condiments" and "foods" should be avoided. In the way of medicine little should be given beyond five drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic sprinkled on the food three times a day. This is a most excellent tonic, but arsenic should not be given in the murderous doses we sometimes see prescribed. These slight precautions are usually sufficient; but when dyspepsia remains chronic, no symptom calls for professional advice more loudly, or more fully demonstrates that a "stitch in time saves nine."

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A SATIRICAL journal recently asserted that Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt, the gifted actress, had the paintings, sculptures, and literary productions for which she has grown famous touched up by friendly hands before laying them before the public. This unkind charge was made all the more stinging by the fact that it appeared over the signature "An Artist of the Français." The lady at once instituted legal proceedings against the print, but when she received an address from her

comrades of the Comédie, from which no single name in the company was wanting, disclaiming, one and all, any knowledge of the article in question, she withdrew her action.—*Galignani*.

MR. HENRY IRVING has generously promised to devote the proceeds of the performance of *Hamlet* at the Lyceum Theatre on April 23rd to the Shakspeare Memorial Fund, and other proprietors of theatres have also signified their intention of giving performances in aid of the same object. At the special request of the Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon, Mrs. Charles Calvert will sustain the character of the Queen of Denmark on the 24th and following evenings, on the occasion of the inauguration of the Memorial Theatre in that town.



AN UNWELCOME INTERRUPTION.

hour and a half at least after the last mouthfuls of a full meal. 2. The gastric juice may be altered in many ways. It may be in excess, or, on the other hand, it may be deficient even to total suppression, and again it may be mixed with morbid products. The proper secretion of this juice depends upon almost every other function of the body being properly performed so that it is rather a fickle process. If the heart is not acting properly, and getting rid of its blood fast enough as is its wont in autumn, for example, then the liver in turn gets congested and with it the stomach, and the gastric juice most certainly becomes affected in quantity and quality. When the kidneys are not acting properly the same thing happens, and everyone knows how often these organs are at fault who has any



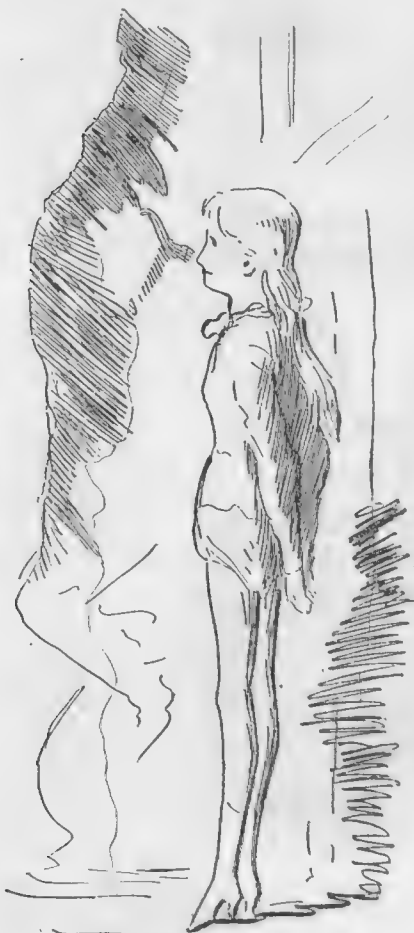
## OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

Poor old Burlesque seems to grow very feeble, and I think his friends and relations may take it for granted that he will not last long, not even with the heroic support given him by Mr.



Poor Old Burlesque!

H. J. Byron and Mr. John Hollingshead at the Gaiety Theatre. Mr. Byron must be a tremendously busy man—too busy, one might judge from the fact that he is of late very much in the habit of putting his hand into a pigeon hole and drawing forth some



Where is the School Board?

old manuscript which, when dusted, polished up, and sprinkled with quasi-novelties of pun and incident is produced by Manager Hollingshead with all the vigour of new and original work. This brushing up fails, however, to give satisfaction. Pretty

*Esmeralda*, produced last week at the Gaiety, had a strange sadness about it, notwithstanding the vivacity of Miss Farren, the beauty of Miss Kate Vaughan, and the irrepressible fun of Messrs. Terry and Royce. It was grey-headed, and what youthfulness had been stuffed into its old clothes was of a weak and sickly character. Indeed, several of the jokes and rhymes which contributed to the veracity of that line on the bill which tells us that the work is "new and original" Mr. Byron had used only so far back as Christmas for the purpose of brightening the afternoon pantomime at this very theatre. One cannot, it is said, have too much of a good thing, but it is quite possible to have a surfeit of an indifferent article, and the writer of burlesque, though he be the accepted master of airy humour, should remember this when trifling with the public. The farcical comedy in three acts, under the title of *Uncle*, which still holds a place in the programme, is not a very refreshing specimen of Mr. Byron's comedy writing, and certainly a wearying two hours' entertainment, though it matters little whether it be good or bad, for the audience proper will not assemble until Herr Meyer Lutz takes up his position at the harmonium, and waves his musicians to begin the ollapodrida which constitutes the overture of a burlesque. Then Charlie Crutch and Harry Toothpick saunter in, after the most approved manner, and await the "awfully jolly" and "dooed faine" things in store for them. In the case of the present burlesque at the Gaiety, Miss Farren pleased Charlie and Harry even more than usual, by singing them a song about themselves, and amiably chaffing them with an accompaniment upon the crutch and toothpick. Lest, however, this amiable chaff should by



Mr Royce as "Quasimodo."

any chance ruffle the feelings of the great originals, a sop in the shape of a last verse is thrown to the noodles, in which they are told, much to their satisfaction, that although they wield the crutch and toothpick, were necessity to call upon them the sword would be as welcome to their brave hands as the inane little pieces of furniture they sport in the piping time of peace. Pretty *Esmeralda* has one redeeming feature about it, and that is the item of costume. The dresses are very bright and tasteful, but, unfortunately, the wearers have not been so happily fitted with parts. Mr. Edward Terry, as Claude Frolo, which he dresses as an "arrangement" in *Lampblack*—is precisely the same thing as when playing in *Little Faust* he appeared as Mephisto in an arrangement of scarlet. It is somewhat hard upon the chances of a popular actor, with a decidedly marked style, that each succeeding part he appears in should be little more than a replica of the one preceding it. As Quasimodo Mr. Royce, made up in wonderful imitation of the accepted illustrations of the demon of Notre Dame, does everything in his power to improve the time of the audience, but it is a thankless thing for a good actor to swing about on a rope in stage business that has been already done to death. One thing is worth seeing, and that is Mr. Royce's weird dance, when doubled up as the cripple he bounds about. This and the drunken dance he produced in *Young Fra Diavolo* are wonderful pieces of character. I do not know the name of the young gentleman who personated *Esmeralda's* goat, but he struck me as having a considerable amount of fun in him, or it may have been entirely dependent upon the ridiculous imitation of the quadruped which his costume afforded. Miss Kate Vaughan as *Esmeralda* looked, of course, charming, but it was disappointing to find that the one thing she can do well—namely, dance—was almost denied her. Miss Nelly Farren as Captain Phœbus was—Miss Nelly Farren. The same waving up and down of the arms, the same little kicking of the heels, and the same peculiar tone of voice, which are so well known

and which seem to have become as much part of the Gaiety Theatre as the boards or the bricks and mortar. Youth and beauty are, of course, lavishly distributed about the stage in brilliant groups of smiling villagers and the like. Charlie



Mr Terry as an Arrangement in Lamp Black

Crutch and Harry Toothpick appreciate this sort of thing immensely, and nobody knows better how to present it to them in its most pleasing aspect than Manager Hollingshead. Miss Connie Gilchrist has been ruthlessly torn from her skipping-rope and doll to appear in a "leg part," wherein she has the responsibility of a few lines of dialogue, which she delivered with



Esmeralda's Goat "Djali"  
a triumph of Animal Architecture

grave importance. Miss Amalia was left little to do save to look amiable, which she does with considerable success. Take the performance as a whole, I think Frolo will welcome the day when he shall doff for ever his lamp-black, and that Quasimodo will be glad to undouble himself for the last time.

MR. WILLIAM ALFRED GIBBS has a novel in the press entitled "Shadows," to be published about the end of April by Messrs. Remington and Co. He is known both as a poet—especially by "The Battle of the Standard" and "Harold Erle"—and as the inventor of the hay-dressing machine to which Black refers in his latest and most successful novel, "MacLeod of Dare."



## NEWS ITEMS.

Cook, it is reported, has by this time started for Australia from India; but Stanley, Roberts, and Shorter will remain there some time yet.

England gave Scotland a beating in the International Match at the Oval on Saturday last, winning by five goals to four.

Our readers will regret to hear that Widdowson, the popular Nottingham player, has met with such severe injuries that it is probable that he will never be able to compete again.

Mr. RIMMEL is again to the fore with the thousand and one novelties and surprises he has prepared for Easter. "Eggs" of all sizes, both plain and ornamental, containing gifts for young and old to please the most varied tastes.

A SCULLING match for £400 was decided on Tuesday over the Thames championship course, from Putney to Mortlake, between William Spencer, of Chelsea, and George Tarryer, of Bernondsey. Spencer was favourite, and won very easily by five lengths.

The Earl of Hardwicke, Master of the Royal Buckhounds, was hunting on Tuesday afternoon, when he was thrown from his horse whilst the latter was leaping over a stile. His lordship sustained serious injuries to his back and neck, but no bones were broken. He was removed to Staines Railway Station, and a special train was telegraphed for from Windsor, which conveyed his lordship to Waterloo, from whence he was driven to his residence in Curzon-street. On Tuesday night the Earl was suffering intense pain, but retained consciousness.

A LARGE body of workmen are at present actively employed in the rebuilding of Sadler's Wells Theatre, preparatory to its opening by Mrs. Bateman. Notwithstanding that it was only recently internally reconstructed, says the *Builder*, the new lessee determined upon the rearrangement of the whole of the theatre, both externally and internally, and this is now being carried out from designs furnished by Mr. Phipps, architect.

The whole of the interior of the building, including the inner walls and other structural portions, has been removed, as well as parts of the main outer walls, and the whole is undergoing reconstruction, embracing new and increased approaches and staircases to the different parts of the house, with improved means of entrance and exit, to meet the present requirements of the Lord Chamberlain, as well as the powers now possessed by the Metropolitan Board of Works, under the Metropolitan Building Amendment Act of last session. That portion of the structure at the east end, forming the stage, machinery, and scenery section of the building, has been entirely re-erected, admitting of the stage being much enlarged as compared with that in the old building, the whole of a former open area or courtyard at the extreme east end having now been taken in. As regards the auditorium part of the theatre, the capacity of the new building will considerably exceed that of its predecessor. The old roof will be removed, and the building raised in height to the extent of about 15ft.

A SOCIETY called the London Musical Society, under highly influential patronage, has been started, the conductorship of which has been placed in the able hands of Mr. Barnby. The object of the Society is the production of works of acknowledged excellence and of every school of nationality, which have never obtained a hearing, or are but little known in England. The first meeting took place on Monday, the 10th ult., at the South Kensington Museum, when Handel's Sixth Chandos Anthem, Hiller's "Song of Victory," Max Bruch's "Schön Ellen," and Hermann Goetz's 137th Psalm were put in rehearsal. A number of distinguished amateurs have already become members of this Society.

A SINGULAR excuse was tendered to the Brighton magistrates on Saturday by a young man of very respectable appearance, who had been given into custody for disturbing the congregation worshipping at St. Paul's Church, West-street, a place of worship which has attained some notoriety as the scene of the

Ritualistic practices of the Rev. Arthur Wagner. The prisoner, it was stated, continually interrupted the evening service by encouraging shouts of approval and laughter, and by frequently applauding, and, though two of his companions left the place when requested by the verger, he refused to give up his seat, and continued his disorderly conduct. In answer to the charge, the prisoner expressed his extreme regret, attributing his behaviour to liquor, but he solemnly assured the Bench that he believed at the time that he was witnessing a performance by a troupe of Japanese now giving entertainments in the town. His novel apology excited considerable amusement, and the Bench merely fined him a small sum for being drunk.

THE GUN CLUB, SHEPHERD'S BUSH.—The competition for the Tuesday Cup Accumulative Sweepstakes, which was left in abeyance at the close of last season, was recommenced on Tuesday afternoon at the Gun Club's enclosure. The amount of the fund left over from last year has been increased by the club to £100, at which figure the prize begins, but as the pools will become more valuable with each contest, it bids fair to be a fine award to the first member winning it twice in succession, besides which, as a *souvenir* of his victory, he will receive a silver cup valued at £50. The event was added to a £3 handicap sweepstakes at nine birds. There were 16 subscribers, and at the conclusion of the ninth round a tie was proclaimed between Mr. J. Hay-Gordon, who stood at 26 yards' rise, and Mr. Smith 30. Both these gentlemen had killed eight out of nine; and at the same time it may be mentioned that Mr. J. Davies ran them pretty close with a total of seven. On shooting off, the issue was not long left in doubt, as Mr. Smith missed anything but an easy rock in his first attempt, whilst his opponent killed, and thus Mr. Hay-Gordon became the first holder of the cup and winner of £43. Handicap sweepstakes of £1 each occupied the rest of the afternoon, and in those which preceded the chief event the winners were Captain Crosbie Yescombe, Mr. J. Davies, Mr. C. Kerr, and Mr. Cunliffe.

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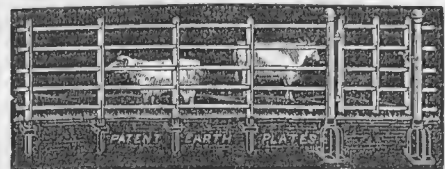
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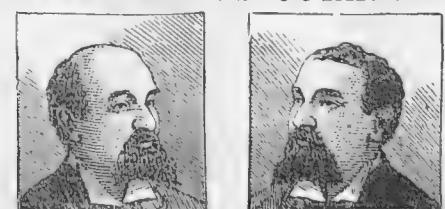


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Every description of Sporting Pictures in stock at the lowest prices.  
**GEO. REES, 115, STRAND.**  
WHOLESALE DEPARTMENT, 41, 42, 43, RUSSELL STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

## FARMING, etc.

**LEYSWOOD, Withyham, Sussex.**—Two miles from Groombridge Station, and five miles from Tunbridge Wells.—Sale of the valuable herd of choice pure-bred Shorthorn Cattle.  
**MR. GEORGE LANGRIDGE** has received instructions from J. W. Temple, Esq., to **SELL BY AUCTION, at Leyswood, on SATURDAY, April 19, 1878, at Half-past TWO o'clock punctually,** the entire herd of valuable **SHORTHORNS**, comprising Eleven Cows and Heifers and Four Bulls, from stock selected from well-known herds.  
Catalogues may be had of Mr. Grimes, the bailiff on the farm; or of Mr. G. Langridge, Land Agent and Surveyor, The Great Hall, Tunbridge Wells (and Tonbridge), Kent.

**BATH & WEST OF ENGLAND SOCIETY** (Established 1777) and SOUTHERN COUNTIES ASSOCIATION.



**EXETER MEETING,**  
JUNE 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1878.  
ENTRIES OF LIVE STOCK, IMPLEMENTS, &c., CLOSE APRIL 16, after which date no Fees or Entries can be received.  
**POULTRY ENTRIES** CLOSE MAY 1st.  
Forms and all Information supplied on application to **JOSIAH GOODWIN,** Secretary,  
4, Terrace-walk, Bath.

**ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.**  
PRESIDENT:—HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.  
International Agricultural Exhibition to be held at Kilburn, June 30 to July 7, inclusive.  
Entries for British and Foreign Horses, Asses, Mules, Cattle, Sheep, Goats, Pigs, Butter, Cheese, Hams, Bacon, Fresh and Preserved Meats, Bees, Cider, and Perry, close on May 1st. Post-entries from British Exhibitors will be received up to May 15th on extra payment.  
Certificates received after the proper date will be returned to the senders.  
Prize Sheets and Certificates will be forwarded on specific application to  
**H. M. JENKINS, Secretary,**  
12, Hanover-square, London, W.

TO FARMERS.  
**DAY, SON, & HEWITT'S**  
STOCKBREEDERS'  
**MEDICINE CHEST**  
For all Disorders in  
**HORSES, CATTLE, CALVES, SHEEP AND LAMBS.**

and particularly recommended for  
**COWS CALVING AND EWES LAMBING,**  
and for  
**SCOUR OR DIARRHŒA IN LAMBS AND CALVES;**  
Also for COLIC in HORSES, and all cases of DEBILITY in STOCK.  
Price complete, with Shilling Key to Farriery, £2 16s. 6d.  
Horsekeepers' Chest, £2 17s. 6d.  
Carriage paid.  
**22, DORSET-STREET, BAKER-STREET, LONDON, W.**

**COLTS and HORSES**  
BROKEN, easy mouthed and temperate, and exercised by using **JOCKEY'S OF WHALEBONE and GUTTA PERCHA, 70s.;** hire 2s. a week. Crib-biting Straps, from 21s.; Safety Springs to Reins, 12s.; leg fomenters, from 15s.; Fetlock, Speedy Leg, Hock Knee Boots.  
**BLACKWELL, Saddler, &c., Patentee,**  
239, Oxford-street. Of all saddlers.

EVERY POULTRY REARER SHOULD USE  
**SPRATTS' PATENT**  
**POULTRY AND GAME MEAL,**  
22s. per cwt., carriage paid.  
**GRANULATED PRAIRIE MEAT "CRISSEL,"**  
28s. per cwt., carriage paid.  
Samples and full particulars post-free.

**SPRATTS' PATENT, BERMONDSEY, S.E.**  
**J. C. CORDING & CO.,**  
ONLY MAKERS OF THE  
"Ildstone" Shooting Boots.  
Snow and Waterproof. Require no dressing to keep them in order.  
ORIGINAL MAKERS OF THE  
**VENTILATED**  
**WATERPROOF COAT.**  
For Riding, Shooting, and general use.  
See *Field*, July 17th and 31st, 1869.  
GUARANTEED FOR ALL CLIMATES.  
**J. C. CORDING & CO.,**  
19, PICCADILLY.  
(Corner of Air-street.) ONLY ADDRESS.

**MORSON'S**  
**PEPSINE,**  
AND ITS PREPARATIONS  
**FOR INDIGESTION.**  
SEE NAME ON LABEL.  
Highly recommended by the Medical Profession.  
As WINE, in bottles, at 3s., 5s., 7s.  
Lozenges, at 2s. 6d., 4s., 6d.  
GLOBULES, at 2s., 3s., 6d., and 6s. 6d.  
And as POWDER, in one-ounce bottles, at 4s. each.  
Sold by all Chemists, and the Manufacturers,  
**MORSON & SON,**  
Southampton Row, Russell Square, London.



## HORSE AUCTIONS.

## SEWELL'S, DUBLIN.

**MR. SEWELL** begs to inform the Nobility, Gentry, &c., that his IMPORTANT AUCTIONS, attendant on the Punctestown Race Meeting, will take place at the Repository, Lower Mount-street, Merrion-square, Dublin, as follows:—

FIRST SALE, MONDAY, APRIL 21st, 1879.

The following are some of the principal Stud entered:—

Four horses, the property of Her Majesty the Empress of Austria.

Five horses, ridden by Capt. Middleton, with the Meath, Kildare, and Ward Hounds.

Seven hunters and harness horses, the property of the Earl of Clonmell.

Six horses, well-known with the Ward, Meath, and Kildare Hounds, the property of Lord Randolph Churchill.

Six horses, regularly hunted with the Meath, Kildare and Ward Hounds, the property of Capt. Wardrop, A.D.C.

Three horses, regularly hunted, the property of the Hon. Luke White.

Three horses, regularly hunted with the Kildare Hounds, the property of the Hon. R. T. Lawley, 7th Hussars.

Five horses, well-known with the Meath and Ward Hounds, the property of M. A. Burke, Esq., 7th Dragoon Guards.

Two horses, hunted with the Kildare and Ward Hounds, the property of Lord Morris Fitzgerald.

Four horses, well known with the Kilkenny Hounds, the property of G. Bryan, Esq., M.P.

Two horses, hunters and harness horses, the property of Major the Hon. F. Le Poer Trench.

Three horses, hunters and chargers, the property of J. A. Robertson, Esq., R.I.A.

Three horses, well known with the Duhallows, the property of W. G. Mitchell, Esq.

Four horses, well known with the Meath and Kildare Hounds, the property of E. G. Lardon, Esq.

Three horses, up to weight, the property of T. D. Thompson, Esq.

Two thoroughbred horses, untied, by order of the executors of the late Major Gray.

Three hunters and harness horses, the property of Capt. Morgan Crofton, 8th Regiment.

Two horses, well known with the Kildare and Ward Hounds, the property of a Gentleman.

Five horses, up to weight, the property of Harold Paget, Esq., 7th Hussars, A.D.C.

Three horses, well-known with the Ward and Meath Hounds, the property of T. J. Graham, Esq.

Two highly-bred young horses (two years old) to be sold with their engagements, the property of Stawell Garnett, Esq.

## SECOND SALE, THURSDAY, APRIL 24th.

Special sale of horses, the property of J. O. Trotter, Esq., have been regularly carrying the Master and Servants of the Meath Hunt this season:—

1 Mowbray Br G 5 15.3 By Lord Ronald, dam by Old Arthur.

2 Blue Ribbon Ch G 5 16 By Flaxman, by Stockwell.

3 Mainchance Br G 6 16 By Sylvanus, by Stockwell, dam by Frenzy.

4 Margery Gr M 6 15.3 By Arthur, dam Boabdi, by Knave of Hearts.

5 Mab Br M 6 15.3 By Will Scarlet, dam by Tom Steel.

6 Musketeer Ch G 6 15.3 By Rob Roy, dam by Artillery.

7 Marquis By G 6 15.3 By Vandyk.

8 Mariner Br G 5 16 By The Lawyer, dam by Tom Steel.

9 Magic G G 6 15.3 By Knave of Hearts.

10 Major Ch G 5 15.3 By Fenian.

11 Mirth Gr M 6 16 By Forager.

12 Mistake Ch G 6 15.3 By Newcastle.

13 Mountebank By G 6 15.3 By Bathany.

14 Mermaid By M 6 15.2 By Shamrock.

15 Mimic Ch G 5 15.3 By Dr. O'Toole.

16 Marigold Ch M 6 15.3 By Kingsley, dam by Old Arthur.

17 Myrtle By M 5 15.2 By Wild Oats.

18 Mischief Br M 6 15.2 By Knave of Hearts.

19 Mulberry By M 6 15.3 By Forager.

20 Madge By M 6 15.2 By Victor.

21 Minx By M 5 15.1 By Dr. O'Toole.

22 Miller Br G 5 15.3 By Boreas, dam by Lightning.

23 Mars Br G 5 15.2 By Victor.

24 Merchant Br G 6 15.2 By Don John.

25 Marmion Ch G 6 15.2 By Lightning.

Lots 4, 5, 6, 7, 17, 18, 20, 21, and 23 have carried ladies.

## THIRD SALE, APRIL 25th, 1879.

Eight horses, well known with the Meath Hounds, the property of Capt. G. P. Low.

Six horses, well known in the County Cork, the property of Lord Fernoy.

Nine horses, regularly carrying the master and men of the Ormond Hunt, the property of W. T. Trench, Esq.

Eight horses, up to weight, well known with the Ward and Meath Hounds, the property of Holloway Steeds, Esq.

Six horses, the property of W. G. Jameson, Esq.

Eight horses regularly ridden with the Meath and Ward Hounds, by Prince Lichtenstein.

Nine highly-bred young horses, the property of D. Kellett, Esq.

Five highly-bred horses, well known in Meath, the property of G. F. Murphy, Esq.

Five horses, well known in Kildare, the property of a Gentleman.

Six horses, regularly hunted to time of sale, the property of J. A. Jameson, Esq.

Seven horses, regularly hunted with the Carlow and Island Kilkenny and Kildare Hounds, the property of W. J. McClintock Bunbury, Esq.

Six horses, well known with the Kildare Hounds, the property of C. and F. Rynd, Esq.

Four horses, hunted with the Curraghmore and Kilkenny Hounds, the property of S. Perry, Esq.

Eight horses, up to weight, the property of H. Thomson, Esq.

Three horses, hunters and harness, the property of Sir R. Power, Bart.

Three horses, hunters and ladies' horses, the property of R. Bodkin, Esq.

Two horses, regularly hunted this season, the property of Capt. Leslie Martin.

Two horses, up to weight, the property of J. Richardson, Esq.

Two horses, the property of Lord Cole.

Four horses, well-known with the Curraghmore and Kilkenny Hounds, the property of Capt. Slucke.

Seven horses, hunted with the owner's harriers, the property of G. F. Brooke, Esq.

Three horses, well known in the Dublin Country, the property of F. F. McCullagh, Esq.

Catalogues of the above ready on the 10th of April, and will be forwarded on application.

**ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY** (Limited), 7, Bank-buildings, Lothbury. General Accidents. Personal Injuries. Railway Accidents. Death by Accidents. C. HARDING, Manager.

## "FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

**CLARKE'S WORLD-FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE** is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Skin and Blood Diseases its effects are marvellous. In bottles, 2s. 6d. each, and in cases (containing six times the quantity) 11s. each, of all Chemists. Sent to any address, for 30 or 132 stamps, by the Proprietor, F. J. CLARKE, Chemist, Apothecaries' Hall, Lincoln.

## THURSDAY'S SALES.

**MESSRS. TATTERSALL** beg to give NOTICE that their THURSDAY'S SALES will COMMENCE on APRIL 24, and be continued throughout the season. Horses having stalls taken must be sent in on the Tuesday previous by 2 o'clock, or the stalls will be filled up.

Albert Gate, Knightsbridge, March 22, 1879.

## BARHICAN REPOSITORY.

**MR. RYMILL** will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, commencing at ELEVEN o'clock, ONE HUNDRED and SIXTY HORSES, suitable for Professional Gentlemen, Tradersmen, Cab Proprietors, and others; active young Cart and Van Horses for town and agricultural work; also a large assortment of Carriages, Carts, Harness, etc.

**CART and VAN HORSES**, including consignments from the Midland Railway Company and other carriers, THURSDAY NEXT, April 17th, by AUCTION, at TWELVE o'clock to the minute, at CAVE'S, MOSELEY STREET, BIRMINGHAM. Stalls should be engaged early.

**HUNTERS and STUDS**, Thursday NEXT, 17th April, by AUCTION, at ONE o'clock, at CAVE'S, MOSELEY STREET, BIRMINGHAM (The Old Beardsworth's).

Gentlemen having Hunters to dispose of are invited to send them to any of the Weekly Thursday sales. Hunters are offered every Thursday at One. Stalls should be engaged early.

N.B.—Harness at Eleven; carriages about Three.

## KEMPTON PARK CLUB.

A number of Gentlemen having leased the Kempton Park Estate and converted it into a first-class Race Course, desire to form a Club of Noblemen and Gentlemen interested in Racing.

Officers on full pay, Army and Navy, and Gentlemen belonging to the following Clubs can become Members of the Kempton Park Club without ballot by sending their names to the Secretary, Seymour Portman, at 48, Conduit-street, London, W.:

Jockey Club, White's, Marlborough, Hoodle's Arthur's, Brook's, Travellers, Turf, Pratt's, St. James's, Athenaeum, Park Portland, Carlton, Junior Carlton, Conservative, St. Stephen's Club, Reform, Devonshire Club, Union, County, Raleigh, Windham, Road, Oriental, Army and Navy, Guards, United Service, Junior United Service, Naval and Military, Junior Naval and Military, United University, New University, Oxford and Cambridge, East India United Service, Sandown, Orleans, Badminton, Bibury, Ludlow Club, Southdown Club (Lewes), Kildare-street and United Service Clubs (Dublin), The New Club and The Caledonian United Service Club (Edinburgh), all the Jockey Clubs of Europe, and other Clubs hereafter to be named by the Committee.

Gentlemen not belonging to any of the above Clubs will be balloted for by the Committee on sending their names to the secretary, as above.

The Annual Subscription will be Five Guineas, which shall entitle a member to personal admission at all times in the current year. Each Member paying ten guineas shall be entitled to free admission for himself and two ladies to the Stands, Enclosures, and all other parts of the Park at all times during the current year, also free admission for his carriage to the Park and Members' Enclosure; and in addition shall have the privilege of entering and running any number of horses free of entrance in certain races. No entrance fee or liability beyond the annual subscription.

A TRAIN for MEMBERS ONLY will leave WATER-LOO, No. 5 platform, on APRIL 14th and 15th, at 12.40, stopping at the Club Platform.

**KEMPTON PARK RACES.** EASTER MONDAY and TUESDAY, APRIL 14 and 15.

## SEVEN RACES EACH DAY.

The Race Stands are close to Sunbury Station. Frequent SPECIAL TRAINS run from WATERLOO, Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, Richmond, and other stations.

Kempton Park is only one mile and a half from Hampton Court. Admission to Park, 1s.

S. H. HYDE, Secretary.

**SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED.**

**GOODALL'S HOUSEHOLD SPECIALITIES.**

**GOODALL'S YORKSHIRE RELISH.** The most delicious SAUCE in the World.

This cheap and excellent Sauce makes the plainest Viands palatable, and the daintiest Dishes more delicious; and to Chops, Steaks, Fish, Soup, &c., it is incomparable.

Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, Chemists, &c., in Bottles, 6d., 1s., and 2s. each.

Prepared by GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, and Co., Leeds.

**GOODALL'S BAKING POWDER.** THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

The cheapest, because the best, and indispensable to every Household, and an inestimable boon to Housewives. Makes delicious puddings without Eggs, Pastry without Butter, and beautiful light Bread without yeast.

Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, &c., in 1d. Packets; 6d., 1s., 2s., and 5s. Tins.

Prepared by GOODALL, BACKHOUSE and Co., Leeds.

**GOODALL'S QUININE WINE.** The best, cheapest, and most agreeable Tonic yet introduced. The best remedy known for Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, General Debility, &c. Restores delicate Individuals to Health and Vigour.

Sold by Chemists, Grocers, Oilmen, &c., at 1s., 1s. 1d., 2s., and 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

Prepared by GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, and Co., Leeds.

**GOODALL'S CUSTARD POWDER.** For Making delicious Custards without eggs in less time and at half the price. Unequalled for the purposes intended. Will give the utmost satisfaction if the instructions given are implicitly followed. The proprietors entertain the greatest confidence in the article, and can recommend it to housekeepers generally as a useful agent in the preparation of a good custard. Give it a trial.

Sold in boxes, 6d. and 1s. each, by Grocers, Chemists, Italian Warehousemen, &c.

Shippers and the Trade Supplied by the Sole Proprietors.

GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, and Co., White Horse-street, Leeds.

**CRAMER'S PIANETTES** are of Three Kinds

The Vertical Pianette, Trichord Treble 25 to 34 Gs. Ditto, with Reverberating Bass Bridge 42 to 50 Gs. The Oblique, Trichord throughout 50 to 60 Gs.

From the volume, purity, and charming quality of the tone, as well as the extreme susceptibility and durability of the mechanism, these unique Instruments are now in very general demand, and are to be had only of

J. B. CRAMER and CO., 201, Regent-street, 46, Moorgate-street, London; 35, Church-street, Liverpool; and at their agencies in Dublin, Belfast, Brighton, Glasgow, and Edinburgh; and of the principal Musicians throughout the country.

## STUD.

At Moorlands, York.

**CAMBALLO.**—A Limited number of mares at 20gs. Groom's fee £1. All expenses must be paid previous to the removal of mares.

Apply to Mr. Hubby. [The subscription to Camballo is full.]

At Finstall, Bromsgrove.

**CARDINAL YORK**, by Newminster out of Licence, by Gameboy; limited to thirty mares at 20gs each.

PELLEGRINO, brother to Pilgrimage, by The Palmer out of Lady Audley, by Macaroni; limited to sixteen mares at 20gs each.

PAUL JONES, by Buccancer out of Queen of the Gipsies, by Chanticleer, her dam, Rambling Katie, by Melbourne out of Thyme, by Touchstone, at 15gs each.

Foaling mares, 23s. per week; barren mares, 18s. per week. Apply to Stud Groom, as above.

At Humber Park, near Horncastle, Lincolnshire. **CERULEUS** (own Brother to Blue Gown), by Bendsman, out of Bas Bleu, by Stockwell, at 15gs. Groom's fee included; dams of good winners at half price.

MERRY SUNSHINE, by Thormanby (winner of the Derby), out of Sunbeam (winner of the St. Leger), at 10gs. Groom's fee included; a few half-bred mares at half-price. Both these horses are perfectly sound in every respect. Foaling mares at 21s., and barren mares at 14s. per week; all expenses to be paid before the removal of the mares, if required.

Apply to Mr. Taylor Sharpe.

At Moldrop Stud Farm, Richmond, Yorkshire. **KING LUD** will Serve a limited number of Mares at 30gs. each. All expenses paid before the mares are removed.

Apply J. Trowsdale, as above.

At Beenhall House, Reading Railway Station, and Telegrams, Aldermaston. **KING OF THE FOREST**, at 30gs., CYMBAL, at 25gs.

The above stallions limited to thirty mares each. Barren mares at 16s. per week, foaling mares at 21s. No groom's fee.

Apply to Thos. Cartwright.

At Bonehill Paddocks, Tamworth, Staffordshire. **PERO GOMEZ**, at 50gs. a mare, and 1 guinea the groom.

Foaling mares 25s., and barren mares 20s. a week. Apply to Mr. Peter Scott, as above.

At Woodlands, Knitsley, Co. Durham. **MACGREGOR** (winner of 2,000gs), by Macaroni, at 20gs, dams of good winners special terms.

CLAREMONT.—(2nd in Derby) by Blair Athol—Coimbra, exactly same cross as Silvio, at 10gs; dams of good winners at reduction.

ARGYLE.—(Sire of Glenara, &c.), by Adventurer—Ich by Birdcatcher, at 5gs.

Apply to Mr. Haansbergen for full particulars.

At Myton Stud Farm, near York. **SYRIAN**, by Mentmore out of Princess, and 1 sov the groom.

Winners and dams of winners of 200 sovs in one stake, half price.

Apply to Edward C. Munby, Esq., Estates Office, Myton Helperby, York.

At Wareham's Farm, Sutton Place, Guildford, three Miles from Woking Station, and three from Guildford Station. **THUNDERBOLT.**—50 Guineas a Mare.

TIBTHORPE. 20 Guineas a Mare. SPEAKER. 5 Guineas a Mare.

Groom's fee included. Barren mares 20s. per week; foaling mares, 25s. per week. All expenses paid before the mares are removed.

Apply to Stud Groom, as above.

The Enfield Stud Company, Limited. **TROTTER ROADSTERS.**—The six "FIREWAYS," including the celebrated horse FIREWAY THE SECOND, the winner of so many first prizes. Also RAPID ROAN, or Fireway the Sixth, supposed to be the fastest trotter in England, with immense power, and two promising entire three-year-olds.

For terms and cards of Horses, &c., apply to the Manager, Stud Farm, Holly-hill, Enfield, Middlesex.

At Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's Bush. **VEDETTE** (Sire of Galopin).—A limited number of mares, besides his owner's, at 25 guineas, and 1 guinea the groom.

KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK; the only horse alive out of Pochontas, the dam of Stockwell.—At 25 guineas, and 1 guinea the groom.

CECROPS by Newcourt (by Sir Hercules) out of Caviana by Longbow or Mountain Deer—Calcevela by Birdcatcher—Caroline by Drone. He was the fastest horse of the day, and is sire of Vergeresse, Dunmow, Claudius (winner of the York Biennial), and other winners.—At 10 guineas, and 1 guinea the groom.

COSTA, by The Baron out of Catherine Hayes (winner of the Oaks), at 10gs, and 10s. the groom.

Subscriptions to be taken of Mr. Tattersall, Albert-gate, London, S.W.

**LEICESTERSHIRE.**—To be LET, FURNISHED or UNFURNISHED, a FAMILY RESIDENCE, Hunting Box, standing in its own grounds, two and a half miles from market town and telegraph, and twenty-five minutes' drive from station. Contains three large reception rooms and billiard-room (full-sized table), eight bed and dressing-rooms, four servants' rooms, and complete domestic offices; stabling for eleven horses, coachman's cottage, and all necessary outbuildings; large conservatory opening from drawing-room, orchard house, &c. 15 acres of grass land and 700 acres of shooting if desired. Would be let for a long or short period.—Apply to "G. F." County Club, Leicester.

**NORTH WALES.**—FURNISHED MANSION, containing four reception-rooms, twelve bed-rooms, with 2,000 acres good partridge and general shooting, pasture if required, to be LET by the year, or for summer and shooting season.—Address "Box 9," Post-office, Corwen.

**A SNUG WEST END BAR AND DINING ROOMS** for SALE near the Sporting Centre, and doing an improving trade. Wine and beer Licenses. To be sold a bargain; proprietor relinquishing the trade. Address Restaurateur, care of Messrs. Nash and Teuten, Saville-place, W.

**FOR SALE**, the pretty modelled fast sailing cutter Yacht "SIBYL," 5 tons, or would be let on Hire for the season.—For particulars apply to E. B. J., Cue Coch, Llanidan, Anglesey.

## THE LATE

MR. COMPTON

AS

"M A W W O R M."

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Address, The Publisher, "ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 148, Strand, London.

## SALES BY AUCTION, etc.

Re CANTON, deceased.—Three valuable Carriage Horses, Sets of Harness, a fashionable Brougham, 4-wheel Park Phaeton, a 2-wheel Dog-cart, and other Effects, removed from St. John's-wood, a sale by auction on the premises being prohibited.

**MESSRS. E. and H. LUMLEY** will SELL by AUCTION, at Mr. Wray's Stables, Barlow-mews, Bruton-street, Bond-street, on TUESDAY, April 22nd, at TWELVE for ONE o'clock (a sale by auction on the premises being prohibited), THREE valuable CARRIAGE HORSES, Sets of Harness, a fashionable Brougham, 4-wheel Park Phaeton, a 2-wheel Dog-cart, and other Effects. View day prior and morning of sale. Catalogues of F. Mayhew, Esq., Solicitor, 16, Great Marlborough-street, W.; at the Mews; and of Lumleys, Land Agents and Auctioneers, St. James's-street.

In SURREY, between Egham and Chertsey.—Fine Freehold Estate, comprising a comfortable family residence, with beautifully matured grounds and grandly-timbered park-like meadows, extending over 34 acres.

**MESSRS. EDWIN FOX and BOUSFIELD** will SELL, at the Mart, on WEDNESDAY, May 21st, at TWO O'CLOCK precisely, a very desirable FREEHOLD COUNTRY RESIDENCE, distinguished as Luddington-house, delightfully situated in the picturesque district between Egham and Chertsey, at an agreeable distance from and well elevated above, the River Thames.

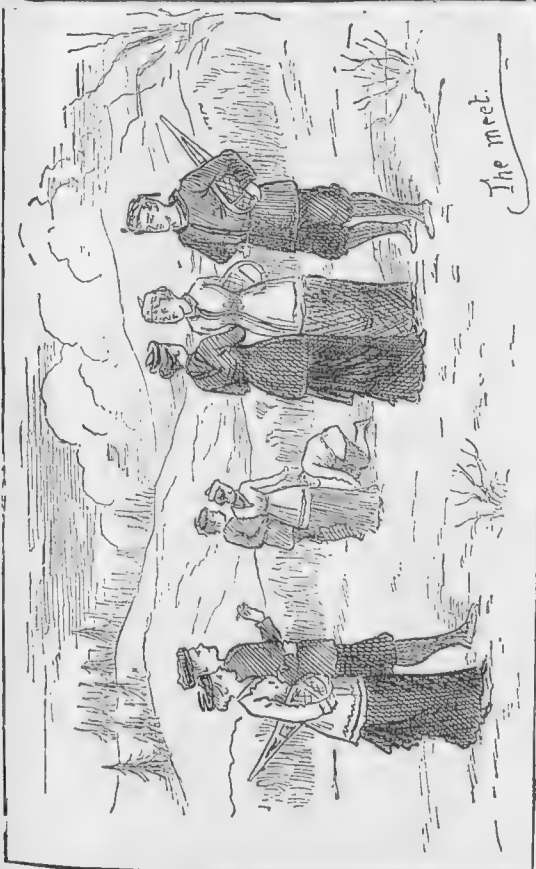
The house is approached by a carriage drive through beautiful shrubberies and plantations. It contains thirteen chambers, bath-room, with hot and cold supply, and water-closet, handsome entrance-hall, elegant and lofty drawing-room opening on to the lawn and into conservatory, library, communicating by folding doors with the drawing-room, spacious dining-room, lobby with entrance to garden, water-closet, butler's pantry and bedroom, servants' hall, housekeeper's room, two water-closets, large kitchen, and complete domestic offices; in a wing is a laundry, ironing room, and two men-servants' bedrooms, excellent dairy and larder, lined with white tiles and floored with tessellated pavement. The out-buildings consist of four-stall stable, harness room, coach-house, with two rooms over. The grounds include lawn, kitchen garden walled in, with vineries, peach-house, and gardener's cottage. The meadow land is very fertile, finely timbered, and park-like in character. There are appropriate farm buildings.

Plans and particulars are preparing, and may be obtained shortly of Wm. Gordon, Esq., Solicitor, 15, New Broad-street, E.C.; at the Mart; and of Messrs. Edwin Fox and Bousfield, 99, Gresham-street, Bank E.C.

**TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Kent.**—In the best residential part of this favourite and celebrated inland watering place, within seven minutes' walk of the S.E. Railway station, and about fifty minutes' ride from Cannon-street.

**MR. GEORGE LANGRIDGE** has received instructions to SELL by AUCTION (unless previously disposed of by private treaty), at the Royal Sussex Hotel, Tunbridge Wells, on





The meet.



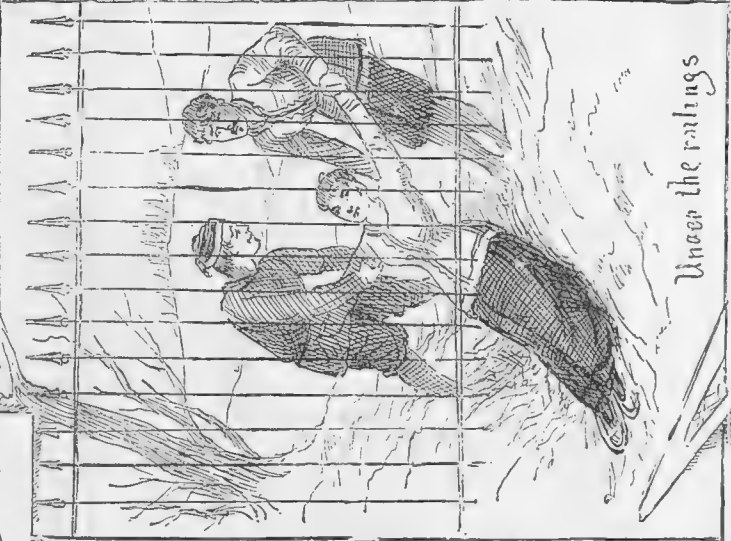
Gone away.



The finish.  
Tea and scandal.



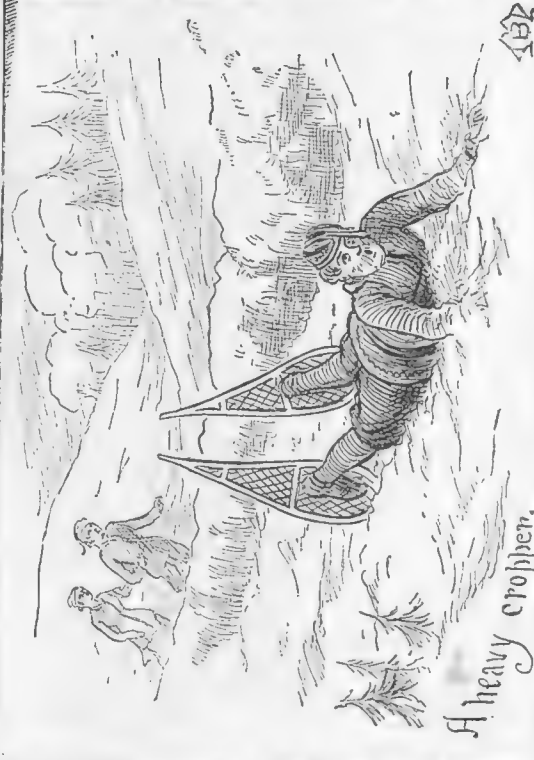
A long drop.



Under the railings



Over the railings



A heavy crobber.



Tagging on snow shoes.



NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is particularly requested that all Letters intended for the Editorial Department of this Paper be addressed to the Editor, and not to any individual who may be known in connection with it; and must be accompanied by the writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

THEATRIS.—Mr. James Wallack was born in 1792, when both his father and mother were popular on the London stage. We have no record of the year in which he left this country for America, but in 1820 he was again playing at Drury Lane. He afterwards paid another visit to America, where he was immensely popular, and returned again to Drury Lane, where he was for some years stage manager.

W. H. L.—Mrs. Stirling was born in Queen-street, Mayfair, in July, 1819. Her father was a captain in the army. She played under the name of Miss Fanny Clifton.

PAT.—Mr. Thomas L. Terman died in his forty-second year, on the 17th of October, 1846, in London. He was a native of Dublin, a popular actor, and well-known as the manager of the Newcastle, Sheffield, and Doncaster theatres. He made his first appearance as Shylock at Drury Lane, October 21st, 1837.

W. W.—*Quid pro Quo* was written by Mrs. Gore in competition for a prize offered for the best comedy in 1843 or 1844, by Mr. B. Webster and awarded to her in the latter year by Messrs. C. Kemble, G. P. R. James, Morgan Otley, and others as judges.

IGNORAMUS.—We sometimes receive more queries in a week than we can answer in a month; hence the delay. (1) No. (2) Yes.

GEORGE WILLIAMS.—We believe it is a fact as asserted by John Kemble that of all ranks, trades, and professions, stage-players alone can boast that one of their number was never hanged for breaking the law.

H. S.—There is a view of Juliet's tomb and the garden in which it stood beside an old wall, dated 1816, in Cox's "Pictures of Italy," published in 1818, by Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, London. The tomb is just six feet in length, and there is room in it for two bodies. Its base was then buried in the earth, which has since been removed.

ALFRED WILLIS.—*The Fatal Marriage* was written by Thomas Southerne, and produced in 1694. Garrick revived and altered it for Drury Lane in 1758, and Mrs. Siddons played in it at the same house on October 20th, 1782. It was revived at Sadler's Wells Theatre in 1846.

H. B. F.—Edmund Kean was at one time, it is said, property-man at the Theatre Royal, Dumfries. An old Scotch actor once told us that he had seen him there lighting the lamps.

S. OXON is not sage or he would have consulted his pronouncing dictionary and saved his penny.

J. E. FOSTER.—A printer's error. Mr. Everill made his first appearance in London as Felix Trimmer in *A Cure for Love*, June 30th, 1870.

E. F.—Miss Kathleen Irwin made her first appearance at Newcastle in 1838.

MISCELLANEOUS.

OXON.—"Wallador." This novel, published in 1825, in two volumes and said to be from the pen of Sir Walter Scott, made its first appearance in Germany as a translation from the English. It was a mere hoax.

P. W.—The Thames was frozen over so thickly in the winter of 1684 that loaded wagons were driven across it, and in 1716, and again in 1749, it was entirely frozen, so that stalls were put up on it for the sale of various articles.

J. MILLER.—The diary of Henry Teonge, a naval chaplain, was first published from the original MS. by Charles Knight in 1825. It will give you an excellent idea of what the British Navy was in the days of Charles II.

C. K. CONWAY.—Wood in his diary mentions a stage coach under the year 1661, and tells us that in the journey from London to Oxford it occupied two days.

S. WEEK.—Your letter pointing out the error has been handed to us by the publisher. Thanks. But why not address the editor?

THE ILLUSTRATED  
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1879.

A SPLIT IN THE CAMP.

IN days not so very long passed away, before the kingdom of muscular Christianity had so far extended its limits as to embrace every conceivable method of exercising the physical powers of its disciples, contests of strength and skill in the department of athletics were for the most part confined to professionals, who could hardly be expected to raise the tone of the pursuit they followed more as a means of livelihood than through a desire to become exponents of their art. Running and walking matches were not, it is true, solely confined to the class which mostly profited by such exhibitions; but it was altogether the exception to find gentlemen taking part in such encounters, and if these trials of speed and endurance did occasionally take place, they were generally for stakes, by which means they were assimilated to the doings of professional runners and walkers. Gradually quite a different complexion has been put upon the practice of athletics, which may now be said almost to hold their own against cricket, rowing, and kindred amusements in na-

tional interest and estimation. Our great public schools have always, to a certain extent, encouraged the cultivation of sports and pastimes calculated to improve muscular development, and from these nurseries of athletics the taste for their indulgence has gradually worked its way to the stratum lying immediately above it of University life, and having taken deep root in such congenial soil, has at length permeated all classes, and has been lifted, as it were, out of its original foundations among the lower orders. No doubt professionals still continue to cultivate athletics after their own peculiar fashion, but it requires something pre-eminently sensational in these days to attract even a passing public interest; so many greater attractions do amateur contests present, in the first place, for the reason that money-prizes do not form the leading or staple feature in such tournaments, but also because the performances of amateurs in all departments of their hobby are to the full as interesting and meritorious as those of pedestrians and others who subsist by the more substantial rewards held out to their merit. Sooth to say, nothing has been more satisfactory hitherto than the progress made by athletics, for by their means another field has been thrown open for the development of the *mens sana in corpore sano*; and let it be understood that we cannot have too many varieties of such methods of promoting health and strength, so that men who do not care to handle a bat or an oar may find congenial exercise and amusement in improving their muscles by other means. No school, college, or public institution for the mental education of the youth of our day would be considered as perfect without its annual athletic gathering; as a consequence of which we find that men continue the practice thereby inculcated much farther on in life than usual, and find great benefit from prolonging the exercises of their boyish training. There was no reason why a young man entering upon the serious business of life should at once and for ever relinquish his connection with what were wont to be considered games and exercises only fit for youth; and yet this was mostly the case until the institution of athletic clubs, by means of which a man can keep his muscles hard, his eye clear, and his wind unimpaired up to a much later period of life than formerly. Which things being so, we regret that symptoms have appeared of a revolution in the athletic world, which threatens to disturb amicable relations which have so long subsisted between friendly rivals in trials of strength and skill; and that monetary considerations have been suffered to mar the harmony of a branch of sport with which it was fondly hoped considerations of £s. d. would never have been permitted to interfere. We must not be supposed for one moment to hint at races or other contests being made for money (which would at once convert the amateur into a professional); but it is evident that the present controversy between the once United Athletic Parliament and its now "Home Rulers," as they have been called, turns upon the patronage of certain grounds at which to hold the championship meeting of the year, and which are bound to benefit thereby by gate-money and other sources of revenue. That the rival claims of Lillie Bridge and Stamford Bridge have brought about a regular split in the athletic camp is only too evident; and equally certain is it that the cause of athletics must suffer gravely by the correspondence which has been recently communicated to a contemporary. Into the merits of the case we have no desire to enter, as with neither of the "claimants" have we the shadow of an acquaintance; but as lovers of the sports which both profess to cultivate we are much concerned at the turn matters appears to be taking, which bodes no good for the future of the manly exercises we would encourage by all means in our power. It is, of course, perfectly open to any gentleman to invest his capital in running or recreation grounds, the proceeds arising from which are a legitimate source of income; but we altogether fail to see why opposition between speculators in this kind of property should be suffered to set the athletic world by the ears, or to reduce to chaos an organisation which it has taken some time and trouble to bring to its present satisfactory state. But a house divided against itself must of necessity fall; and we trust it may not be too late to obviate the threatened calamity by advocating the only smooth course—that of mutual concessions—otherwise we may have to behold the humiliating spectacle of a really useful and healthful branch of manly pastime languishing for want of unity, or losing ground in public estimation, not so much from any fault of its own as through the ill-advised operations of would-be friends and supporters, now converted into enemies, and pulling in opposite directions. The time of year for holding championship athletic meetings is the ostensible bone of contention; but by reading between the lines we must be aware of deeper issues at stake than this, which could easily be settled were not the contending factions apparently pledged to support men instead of measures. Athletes must, of course, be supposed to know their own business best, and to be able to arrive at an almost unanimous conclusion as to the best time of year at which to hold their championship meeting; but so long as party spirit is abroad any reconciliation of ideas would seem to be impossible. As mere outsiders we should consider the original fixture at Lillie-bridge the most seasonable, seeing that athletics find fewer devotees during the cricket and boating seasons; but a fresh difficulty crops up in connection with the Spring fixture, at which so many University men assist—namely, jealousy of these last-named competitors, for whom, it has been declared, the meeting is a "benefit," while other irregularities are also alleged against its promoters. The case seems to be in a hopeless tangle at present, but it will be a disgrace and scandal if the opposing factions cannot soon come to such terms as will obviate the anomaly of a double set of claimants to the championship honours, a "situation" which appears to be threatened as things now stand. Enough superfluous steam has surely been let off on both sides, and it is now high time that terms were made, if only for the credit of those most interested in the success of athletics. Surely some compromise might be effected whereby things would be likely to work more smoothly for the future, and we hope soon to hear of an amicable arrangement of differences whereby peace may be duly preserved, and the cause of athletics benefit as it deserves to do when freed from the annoying attentions of friends from whom it may well pray to be saved.

REVIEWS.

*Love Loyal.* By MARY C. ROWSELL. In 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett, Publishers, 13, Great Marlborough-street. 1879.

MISS ROWSELL is happily free from the charges which are brought, and brought with too much truth, against the ordinary run of feminine novelists. Her book is neither dull, nor mawkish, nor coarse, nor prurient. It is sensational to the point of being interesting, without diverging into extravagance or improbability, and though some critics may complain that the work is rather too freely peppered with Italian phrases—the scene being laid in Italy—Miss Rowsell usually writes English in place of that fine language which novelists too often employ.

The narrator of the story takes himself no active part in its development, and is for the most part simply the mouthpiece of Father Girolamo, the Prior of a Benedictine Convent, where the first person singular of the novel takes refuge from a storm. Amongst other brethren at the supper table is one who attracts the narrator's attention. Fra Basilio, as he is named, the organist of the convent, has a singularly beautiful face, bearing upon it lines of deep suffering which make him look far older than the twenty-eight or thirty years he has lived, would ordinarily warrant. The Father, in the course of supper, begs him to take some wine, which he has refused from his neighbour:—

"He will take it at my request," returned the Prior, in a tone of gentle authority. "Come, figlio mio, the labourer is worthy of his hire; you have worked hard to-day, and—nay," he continued, in somewhat sterner accents, for the novice—who had so singularly interested me—still seemed unwilling to comply, "you would not have the request become a command!"

Fra Basilio bowed, and with a flickering smile lifted his cup, which Placido had meantime filled, to his lips. Scarcely, however, had its contents touched them, when a death-like pallor overspread his face, and hurriedly setting down the cup, his eyelids closed, his head drooped, and he fell senseless on Placido's shoulder. The monk tenderly supported Fra Basilio's fainting form, and a general stir ensued among his companions. In their eyes I could read such deep concern as led me to gather that the novice must be a favourite with them. His swoon was, however, but transitory; only for a very brief space the dark sweeping lashes rested on the white worn cheek, then the water Father Girolamo sprinkled on his forehead, and the sharp winter air let in by one of the Frati through the lattice, partially revived him, and he struggled to his feet; but his face had grown distorted with such an agony of horror as I shall never forget, and in his eyes, magnificent at that terrible moment, glowed a strangely wild shrinking fearfulness.

"Take it away!" he cried, shivering back, his hands extended, palms outwards, towards the wine cup he had set down. "Wine! wine! you call it, do you? Ha! ha! ha! and how dared you meddle with the cork? You thought I did not know. Liar! Thief!"

Fra Basilio is led to his dormitory, and presently the Father begins to tell the story which, at two recitals, occupies almost the whole of the book.

Fra Basilio had been educated in the convent, and had proved himself wonderfully apt as a musician; and a few years before the occurrence of the scene in the refectory he had decided to leave the convent and seek his fortune on the stage, for his beautiful tenor voice was the chief of his musical gifts. His progress was rapid. An engagement at La Scala speedily followed his appearance at Milan, and, as might have been expected from an artistic and impressionable youth, he soon fell in love. Of course he had a rival; and much of the strength of the story is derived from the circumstance that his rival in the affections of Maddalena Taddeo was also his rival at the theatre. The personage in question—Ettore Maldura—is a marquis; but he is alike unsuccessful in love, and on the stage. Basilio is chosen for the part of Orfeo in Gluck's exquisite opera, and Basilio is the chosen lover of Maddalena, whom he is to marry if only the public verdict support that of the management and of the prima donna, the marvellous Bianca Silvani, who, simply and solely on the ground that she recognises in Basilio an artist of the purest type, is enthusiastic on his behalf.

The eventful evening approaches, and finally arrives. At the rehearsals Basilio has seemed to more than justify the hopes that were formed concerning him, his voice, style, and perfect conception of the part all uniting in showing that he is supreme. On the morning of the day of performance Bianca gives a *déjeuner* to all engaged in the representation. Maldura is there as well as Basilio, and the traitor contrives to poison the wine his rival is to drink. Maldura then attends at the theatre with Maddalena, who sees her lover totter, fail, and at length drop prostrate and insensible on the stage. Maldura has, meanwhile, taken care to ply Maddalena's mind with suspicion, and succeeds in persuading her that Basilio is a drunkard who could not restrain his vile propensity even on this the great day of his life, on which so much depends; as also that he loves Bianca Silvani.

It was after this incident, the success of which so far had more than answered Maldura's expectations, that the narrator of the story *Love Loyal* saw Basilio Torelli at the Benedictine Convent. How the story ends we do not propose to inform those who may be inclined to read Miss Rowsell's excellent book, for it is hardly kind to an author to discount the attraction of a story by detailing its sequel. As *Love Loyal* is worth reading we would rather stimulate curiosity, and shall content ourselves with saying that those who take up the book will be unwilling to put it aside until they have come to the end, which, so far as our experience goes, is not the case with the majority of novels. Occasional signs of weakness are apparent, no doubt, and there does not seem any sufficient reason for the murder of Maddalena's father, the old miser, Taddeo Tozzi. Miss Rowsell has, moreover, some acquaintance with the everyday life of the stage, as the following extract shows:—

"Need I tell you, Signore, that next instant the young tenor was summoned before the curtain? I am speaking, let me remind you, of some years back, when these 'calls' meant something more than they mean now. The custom, I am told, has latterly become so much abused that it seems to me public favourites in these years of grace would do wisely, when signing contracts for services to be rendered, to stipulate for a little carriage to be drawn by a good-looking and well-groomed donkey—or, in default of so useful an animal, some biped lounge of the coulisses might be pressed into the service—to and fro the footlights, as often as the humour of the audience demanded. It would do away with considerable fatigue, and mitigate the boredom of artists who are weak enough to fall in with the tiresome fashion; but I take it that those who value their self-respect, and have any true feeling for the dignity of their art, will soon come to regard these repeated calls as insult rather than compliment and genuine appreciation, and will be inclined to rush into extremes, and refuse to respond at all. To a reclus, Signore, some of the fashions of the day appear curiously grotesque, and this recall system, as I am told it is practised now, stands almost pre-eminently among them."

It is a heavy responsibility to recommend a novel in these days of the publication of rubbish; but all who are interested in the musical stage will, we think, read *Love Loyal* with pleasure.



## LOVE'S VICTORY.

## A DRAMATIC STORY

Adapted expressly for this paper.

By HOWARD PAEL.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

For a few minutes the old dealer's fatigue seemed to have disappeared. He sat erect, with tremulous lips and flashing eyes, and continued in a strident voice:—

"It was a fine afternoon in the month of October when Zita Denman appeared for the first time before the eyes of Masson. He was at that time a man of forty, sprung from an old and respectable family, content with his lot in life and of simple habits. He had one passion, however,—he filled his lodgings with curiosities of every kind. He was not rich, his whole patrimony having been long since spent on his collections; but he had a situation that brought him some twelve thousand francs yearly, and he was sure of a pension in his old age.

"He was honest in the highest sense of the word. For fifteen years he had been cashier, and hundreds of millions had passed through his hands without arousing in his mind a shadow of covetousness. He handled the gold in the bags, and the notes in the portfolios with as much indifference as if they had been pebbles and dry leaves. He had earned his employers' sincere friendship.

"Such he was when, that morning, he was standing near his desk, and saw a gentleman come to his window who had just cashed a cheque drawn by the Bank of Philadelphia upon the Mutual Discount Bank. This gentleman, who was Mr. Peabody, spoke such imperfect French that Masson asked him, for convenience sake, to step inside the railing. He came in, accompanied by Zita Denman.

"How can I describe to you the sensations of the poor cashier when he beheld this wonderful beauty! He was overtaken by one of those idiotic infatuations which sometimes possess the strongest of men at the age of forty.

"Alas! Zita had observed the impression she had produced. To be sure, Masson was not the ideal millionaire husband of whom these adventurers dreamed; but he held the keys of a safe in which lay millions. Something might be got out of him until better things turned up. Their plan was soon formed.

"The very next day M. Peabody presented himself alone at the office to ask for some information. By the end of the week he had furnished Masson with an opportunity to render him a trifling service; and in a fortnight the cashier was invited to dinner. He accepted, and left the house madly in love. Zita Denman's beautiful eyes and bewitching manners led his reason astray. Masson now called frequently, and six weeks after their first meeting he was profoundly under the impression that Zita was in love with him. Now began the second act of the hideous comedy. Mrs. Thorpe one day abruptly requested Masson to discontinue his visits. She accused him of trifling with Zita's affections. He swore that he should be the happiest of mortals if they would grant him Miss Denman's hand. But Sir Peabody interposed, and asked him how he could dare to think himself a fit match for a young lady who had a dower of five hundred thousand francs.

"Masson left in despair, resolved to kill himself. He was just making his will when they brought him a letter from Zita. She wrote thus:—

"When I love I love for life. If your love be true, if dangers terrify you no more than they do me, knock to-morrow night, at ten o'clock at the gate. I will open."

"Mad with joy, Masson went to the fatal meeting. Zita fell on his neck, and said,—

"I love you. Let us fly together."

"With her marvellously clear perception she had taken the measure of the cashier, well knowing that he would shrink from doing what she asked.

"He did shrink, saying to himself that it would be an outrage to abuse the attachment of this pure and trusting girl. With wonderful self-denial he entreated her to be patient and protested that in time all obstacles would be overcome. When he left her the interview would have seemed a dream but for the penetrating perfume which his clothes still retained where she had rested her head.

"The more he considered his position the more clearly he saw that he would never be able to satisfy the demands made by Sir Peabody. After all, flight seemed the only resource, and without money this was venturing upon an unknown future. His entire ready capital did not reach five thousand francs, though the rare curiosities with which his rooms were filled represented a large sum. He saw Zita several times clandestinely, and she appeared dejected and anxious. She said that Mrs. Thorpe wished her to marry a Russian, while M. Peabody threatened to take her abroad. And with all these worries the poor cashier had to go through his daily routine of business.

"He had determined to dispose of his collection of curiosities at any price he could get, when one day, a few moments before the bank closed, a lady appeared, a thick veil completely concealing her features. Needless to say it was Zita Denman. What new misfortune had happened to induce her to take such a step? She told him in a few words. Sir Peabody had discovered their secret meetings; he had told her to be ready to start for the United States the next morning. The crisis had come. They must choose now between instant flight or eternal separation. Maddened by grief, Zita was irresistibly beautiful; Masson stood, stunned by the blow, and confessed to her that he had hesitated, because he had no money.

"No money?" she said, scornfully, pointing to the immense safe which overflowed with gold and bank notes, "What is all that?"

"What are you thinking of?" Masson cried, with an accent of terror, "my honour!"

"Zita looking him straight in the face, said,—

"And my honour! My honour is nothing to you? Do I not give myself? Do you mean to drive a bargain? Ah! if you really loved me!"

"And she bent over him, tremulous with passion, until their lips nearly touched.

"If you loved me as I love you," she whispered again.

"It was all over; Masson was lost. He drew Zita towards him, and said, kissing her,—

"I obey. Yes!"

"She disengaged herself, and with eager hands seized one parcel of bank notes after another, thrusting them into a little bag, which she held in her hand. When the bag was full, she said,—

"Now we are safe. To-night, at ten o'clock, be at the gate of the courtyard with a carriage. To-morrow at day-break we shall be out of France, and free. Now we are bound to each other for life,—and I love you!" and she departed.

"You suppose, no doubt, that when Zita had left him Masson came to his senses? No! It seemed as if with that kiss the price of his crime, the infamous creature had inspired him with the same spirit of evil which possessed her. Far from repenting, he seemed to rejoice at what had been done. He was mad. With the coolness of a hardened thief he calculated what had

been abstracted: it was four hundred thousand francs. He took his books, and with almost diabolical skill, altered figures, and changed entries, so as to make it appear that the defalcation was of long date. When he had finished, he wrote a letter to the board, stating that he had robbed the safe to speculate on the Bourse, and now that he could no longer conceal his crime he was going to commit suicide. When this was done, he left his office, as if nothing had happened.

"He felt neither remorse nor fear, for he acted under the influence of a morbid hallucination. He dined at a restaurant, and then posted his letter to the board of directors, so that it might reach them early in the morning. At ten o'clock he knocked at the gate of the house in the Rue Cirque. A servant opened it, saying,—

"Please go up. The young lady is waiting."

"He went. In the *salon*, Zita was seated on a sofa, Eugène Noriac by her side, both laughing loudly. When Masson entered she stared at him, and said rudely,—

"Ah! Is it you. What do you want now?"

"When he began to stammer some explanations, she interrupted, saying,—

"Let us be frank. You have come to run away with me. That is nonsense; no girl could love a man like you. As to that small loan, I have taken precautions so as not to be troubled by anything you may say or do. And now, sir, I wish you good evening."

"Poor Masson! The fatal truth broke upon him at last; he understood the plot and knew he was ruined. His conscience cried, 'You are a thief! you are dishonoured!'

"Zita Denman rose, but, seized with fury, he threw himself upon her, crying,—

"Yes, I am lost! But you shall die!"

"Poor fool! His wrath had been foreseen and the emergency prepared for. He was at once seized by Noriac, and M. Peabody rushed in from the next room.

"The poor man did not attempt to resist.

"Let me go," he said. "I must go!"

"But they did not allow him to depart yet. Sir Peabody asked him coolly,—

"Do you mean to denounce us? Take care! You would only sacrifice yourself, without doing us any harm. Zita's letter, in which she appointed a meeting, is no weapon against us. She did not write it, and can prove an *alibi*. You see we have prepared everything for this affair during the last three months. Remember, I have commissioned you twenty times to operate for me on the Bourse, and always in your name, at my request."

"The poor cashier's heart sank within him. Had he not himself, for fear of suspicion falling on Miss Denman, told the directors in his letter that he had been tempted by unlucky speculations? Had he not altered the entries in the books to prove his assertion? Would they believe him if he were to tell the truth? Sir Peabody continued with a horrid sneer,—

"Have you forgotten the letters which you wrote me for the purpose of borrowing money, and in which you confess your defalcations? Here they are, you can read them."

"These letters, M. de Najac, are those which Zita showed you; and Masson was frightened out of his senses. He had never written such letters, yet there was his handwriting, perfectly imitated. He saw clearly that no one would believe them to be forgeries. Ah! Eugène Noriac is an artist. His letter to the naval department has shown it you.

"Look here, my man," said Zita, "I'll give you good advice. Here are ten thousand francs: take them, and fly to Brussels!"

"No!" cried Masson, rising and shaking off his stupor; "There is nothing left for me but death. My blood be upon your head!"

"And he rushed out, pursued by the sneering laughter of the conspirators."

Amazed at the inconceivable boldness of this plot, Paul and Gabrielle were shuddering with horror. The old gentleman continued hastily,—

"Whether Masson did or did not commit suicide, he was never heard of again. The trial took place, and he was condemned *in contumaciam*. Zita was examined by a magistrate, but nothing came of it. And that was all. This crime swelled the long list of unpunished outrages. The robbers triumphed; they had four hundred thousand francs. They awaited new victims; M. Noriac had claimed his share, Sir Peabody gambled, Zita loved diamonds, and grim Mrs. Thorpe had her own vices. Just when funds were getting low Zita found the prey she needed. This time it was a handsome young man, fresh from the country, his heart full of illusions, his fortune in his pocket—five hundred thousand francs. His name was Georges de Périer.

"Eugène managed to lure him to the den in the Rue Cirque. He saw Zita, loved her, and was lost. In less than six months his half million was in her hands, and when he had not a sou left, she forced him to write three forged drafts, persisting that on the day when they became due she would take them up herself. But when the day came and he called, he was received like Masson. They told him that the forgery had been discovered and proceedings taken; that he was ruined. They had not miscalculated. Descended from an honourable family, De Périer did not hesitate. As soon as he left the house he hanged himself under Zita's window, thinking thus to publicly involve his temptress.

"Poor boy! They had deceived him. The forgery had never been discovered; the drafts had never been used at all. Nothing transpired against Zita Denman, but the scandal of the suicide diminished her prestige. She felt it, and it was not long before she met Count Saint-Roch. In fortune, name, and age, the Count was exactly what Zita had dreamed of so often. How the Count was ensnared you know too well. But what you do not know is that this marriage brought discord into the camp. When you, M. de Najac, asked M. Noriac's advice; he was on bad terms with Zita, who had stopped his supplies. He was so offended that he would have betrayed her to the law had he not feared compromising himself. You were the means of reconciliation, inasmuch as you gave Eugène an opportunity of being of use to Zita Denman. He did not then anticipate that she would ever fall in love with you, and when he discovered her passion he was furious. Zita's love and Eugène's rage will explain to you the double plot by which you were victimised. Zita, who loved you, wished to get rid of Gabrielle; Eugène, stung by jealousy, wanted you to die.

"Now, let us sum up the whole. I know how Zita, Sir Peabody, and Mrs. Thorpe have gone to work to ruin Count Saint-Roch. I know what they have done with the millions supposed to have been lost in speculation, and I have the evidence in my hands. The two Fantas have convicted themselves by keeping the four thousand francs you sent to Mademoiselle Gabrielle. The hour of vengeance has come at last."

Gabrielle interrupted him, saying,—

"And my father, monsieur?"

"M. de Najac will save him, mademoiselle."

"What am I to do?" asked Paul.

"You must call on the Countess, and seem to have forgotten all that has happened—as far as Mademoiselle Gabrielle is concerned."

"It is a hard part to play," Paul replied, "but I will go."

## CHAPTER XXV.

It struck two when Paul arrived at the offices of the Pennsylvania Petroleum Company, where Count Saint-Roch now lived. Never in his life had he felt so embarrassed. Plainly had Papa Grassot and Madame Duval represented that with a woman like Zita Denman all reprisals were fair. Unfortunately he could not refuse to go without risking Gabrielle's happiness, so he went as bravely as he could. On inquiring for the Count, he was shown into an apartment on the third floor, where, before a large table covered with papers, sat Count Saint-Roch. He had grown sadly old, but was rouged and dyed as carefully as ever. When he recognised Paul, he pushed his papers aside, and offering him his hand, as if they had parted the day before, said,—

"Ah, here you are back again among us! I am glad to see you! We know what you have been doing out there, for my wife sent me many times to the naval department for news of you. And you have become an officer of the Legion of Honour! You ought to be pleased."

"Fortune has favoured me, Count."

"Alas! I am sorry I cannot say as much for myself," replied the latter with a sigh. "You must be surprised to find me living here. 'The ups and downs of speculation,' says Sir Peabody. Let me give you a piece of advice, *mon cher*: never speculate! Nowadays it is mere gambling. If you stake five francs, you are in for everything. I thought I should enrich my country with a new source of revenue, and my whole fortune has been spent in useless efforts to keep up the shares of my company."

Every now and then the poor old man passed his hand over his face, as if to drive away painful thoughts, and then he continued,—

"And yet I am far from complaining. My misfortunes have been the source of the purest happiness. It is to them I owe the knowledge of the boundless devotion of a beloved wife. Ah! I think I can hear her now, when I told her one evening how much involved I was."

"To have concealed it from me!" she exclaimed, "your wife: that was wrong!" And the very next day she showed her sublime courage. She sold her diamonds to bring me the proceeds, and more than once I have caught her preparing our modest meals with her own hands. How did I compensate her for such loving sacrifices? I impoverished her! If I were to die to-morrow she would be penniless.

"You are my friend, and I can open my heart to you. I did not have the—the—cleverness to overcome all the restrictions which hamper this kind of business. I was imprudent, in spite of all Sir Peabody's warnings. To-morrow there will be a meeting of the shareholders, and if they do not grant me what I must ask I shall be in trouble. And when a man's name is Saint-Roch, rather than appear in a police-court—you know what I mean!"

He was interrupted by one of the clerks with a letter. He read it, and then, turning to Paul, said,—

"I must leave you; but the Countess is at home, and she would never forgive me if I let you go without seeing her. But be careful and don't say a word of my troubles; it would kill her." And before Paul had time to say a word, the Count had opened a door and pushed him into the room, saying,—

"Zita, M. de Najac!"

The Countess started up as if she had received an electric shock. Her husband had left the room, but probably she could not have controlled herself had he been still there.

"You!" she cried, "Paul, my Paul!"

"Your conduct is perfectly shocking, Zita," began grim Mrs. Thorpe, who was sitting by the window. But Zita cut her short, saying,—

"I beg you will leave us."

Mrs. Thorpe obeyed, and the Countess sank into an arm-chair as if overpowered by unexpected happiness. She wore a simple black dress, with no jewellery, but her fatal beauty seemed only the more dazzling. The years had passed over her without leaving heavier traces than the spring breeze upon a half-opened rose. Her hair still shone in golden flashes, and her rosy lips smiled as sweetly as of yore.

It was she who broke the charm. She began, saying,—

"I presume you know of the misfortunes which have befallen us? And your betrothed, Gabrielle? Has not the Count told you?"

Paul had taken a chair. He replied,—

"The Count has not spoken of his daughter."

"Well, then, my saddest presentiments have been fulfilled. Unhappy girl! I did what I could to keep her in the right path, but she fell, step by step, and at last committed suicide."

It was done. Zita herself had overcome Paul's last scruple. Now he was in the right temper to meet cunning with cunning. He answered with admirably feigned indifference,—

"Indeed!"

Then, encouraged by the joyous surprise he read in Zita's face, he continued,—

"This expedition has cost me dear. Count Saint-Roch has just informed me that he has lost his whole fortune. So have I."

"What! you are—"

"Ruined. Yes: that is to say, I have been robbed. On the eve of my departure I entrusted a hundred thousand francs to M. Noriac for Mlle. Gabrielle's use. He found it easier to appropriate the whole to himself. So, you see, I am reduced to my pittance of pay as a lieutenant."

Zita looked at Paul with amazement. In any other man this prodigious confidence in a friend would have appeared to her the extreme of human folly: in Paul she thought it was sublime.

"Is that the reason why they have arrested M. Noriac?" she asked.

Paul had not heard of his arrest. He replied,—

"It cannot be for having robbed me. M. Noriac must have been arrested for having attempted to murder me."

Zita rose with fury in her eyes, like a lioness robbed of her whelps.

"What!" she cried. "He dared to attack you?"

"Not personally; but he dared to watch a felon, who was caught, and has confessed everything. The order to apprehend my friend Eugène must have reached here before I did."

(To be continued. Commenced in No. 258, Jan. 4th, 1879.)

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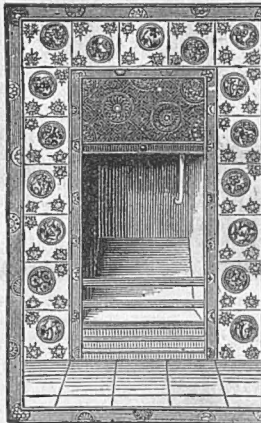
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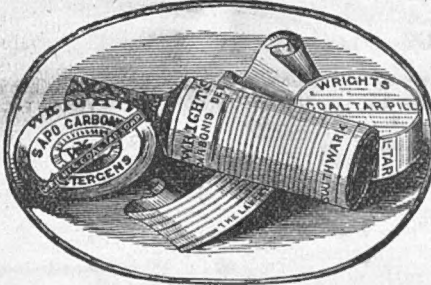
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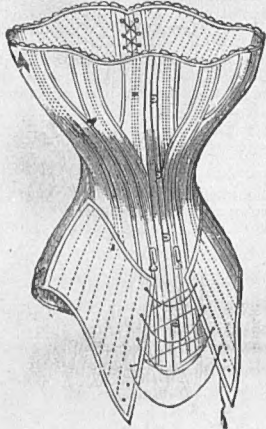
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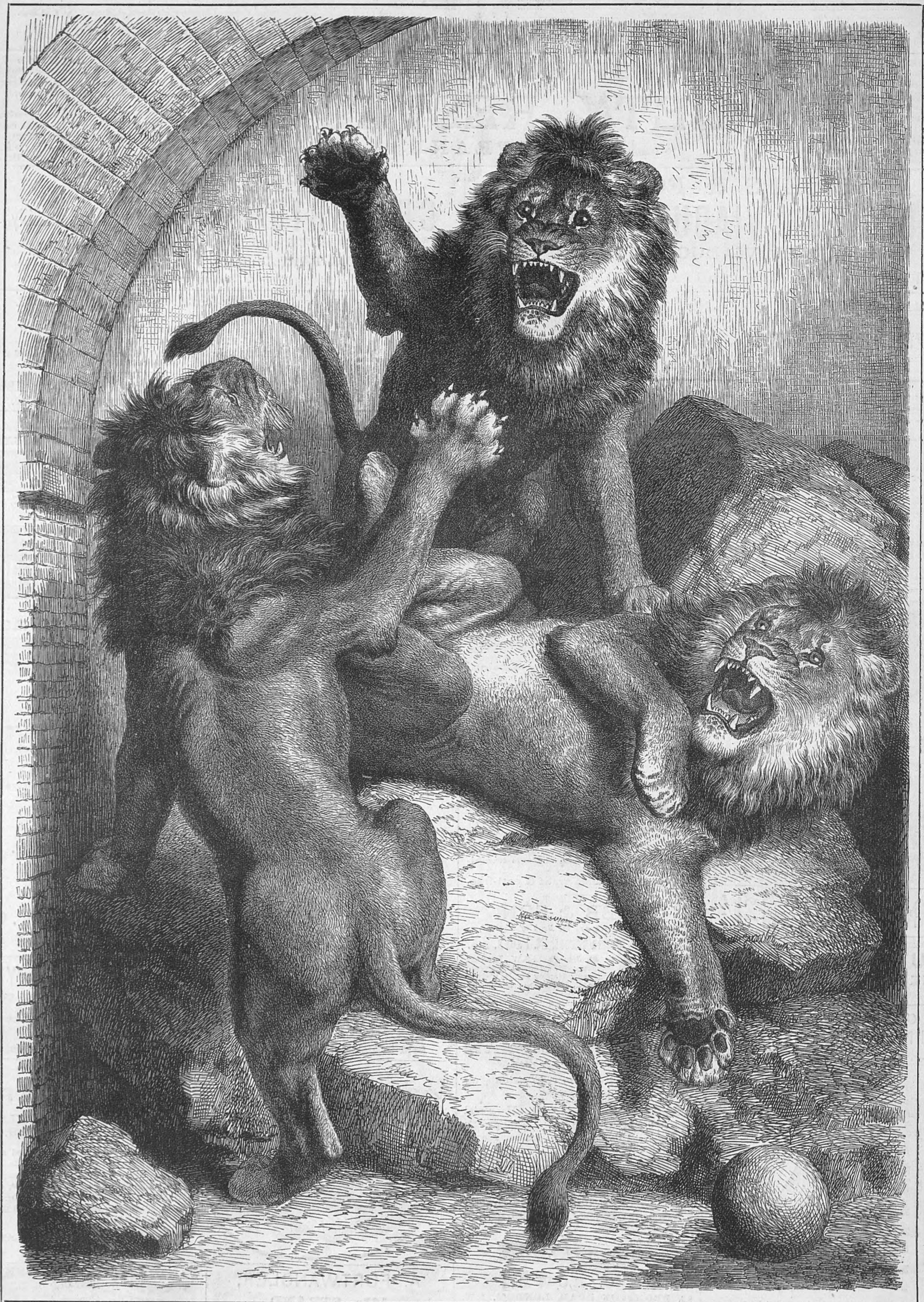
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